

EBONY



I TRIED TO CRASH
THE MOVIES

AUGUST 1946 25c

CAMPBELL'S COMICS



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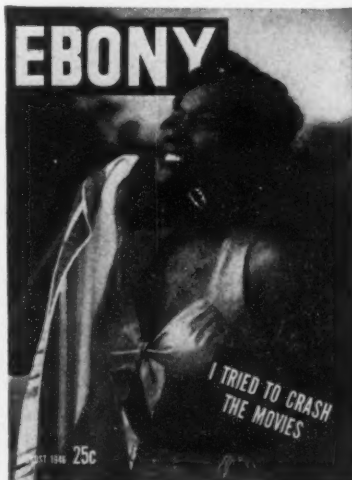
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Cover

AVENELLE HARRIS at the age of 25 is one of the few old timers around Hollywood's movie studios. She's been trying to break into films for 20 years. Mostly her work in some 18 movies has been bit parts or just extra roles.

But that doesn't keep her from continuing her one-woman campaign to make a movie star out of Avenelle Harris. Back of the picture story and cover kodachrome of Avenelle is our ace West Coast photog Phil Stern, who got the gold ring on this merry-go-round a couple of issues back. Phil's been doing lots of crackerjack jobs for EBONY. He was responsible for last month's layout of how Negroes and Japanese get together in Little Tokyo.



EBONY PICTURES: The following is a page-by-page listing of the sources of the photos in this issue. Where several sources are credited, the listing is from left to right, top to bottom.

- 5 to 8—Phil Stern
9—MGM, Phil Stern
10—Phil Stern
11 to 14—J. Carver Harris—Black Star
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33—RKO Radio, Paramount, Universal, Columbia, Warner Bros.
34 to 36—Alexander Alland
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46 to 48—J. Rosenthal—Black Star
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BACKSTAGE



TOPSIDE this month is the lovely lady who's responsible for a new EBONY feature which will regularly dispense data on the fine art of cookery. She is Freda C. DeKnight, wife of one of the famed Delta Rhythm Boys and an accomplished cateress.

Originally from South Dakota where she went to a convent school and where she was one of the 474 Negroes in the entire state, Mrs. DeKnight started messing with pots and pans at the age of 10, worked for the Scott Catering Co. of Mitchell, S. D. for a number of years. She was in the catering business on her own for 15 years in New York City and taught home-making classes at the New York Urban League. She will regularly tip off our readers on how to make good food taste better.

Speaking of the future, the crystal ball for the September issue of EBONY shows promise of great things. We'll be back again with an extra-special feature for the ladies—a look-see at what concert singer Anne Brown will be taking to Paris in the way of wardrobe when she leaves for the Continent this month for a four-months tour. Photog George Karger, who did the magnificent photos on "Glamour Is Global" in last month's issue encoored with a stunning series of fashion pictures on the noted soprano who played Bess in the operetta *Porgy and Bess*.

In the business department, EBONY will offer an instructive yarn on the biggest Negro cooperative in the country, the giant super-market at the Altgeld federal housing project in Chicago. Here is a combined grocery-bakery-fruit store that does business in six figures every year, yet is owned and operated by the very people who are its best customers.

Jivester Dan Burley, who you can meet personally on Page 19 of this issue, did a bit of probing into the private life of ex-boxer Harry Wills and comes up with an amazing story on the man whom Jack Dempsey wouldn't fight. Here's one pugilist who put the greenbacks in his sock and is today a prosperous country squire in the big city.

Staff writer Allan Morrison, who's responsible for the Burley piece this month, comes back with a zesty yarn on the institution of jazz concerts. Add to this the delayed story promised for this month on the big building boom that hit the all-Negro town of Mound Bayou down in Mississippi and you have the makings of a reading menu in September practically as delectable as Mrs. DeKnight's barbecued chicken on Page 18.

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"HELLO, MR. SELZNICK! Oh, Mr. Selznick, I don't think you know me, this is Avenelle Harris, I've been in lots of movies and I'm looking for work. Listen to these vital statistics: height 5'6"; weight, 118; bust, 34; waist, 25; hips, 36; ankle, 8. You don't remember? Oh dear..."

I TRIED TO CRASH THE MOVIES

By Avenelle Harris

I SUPPOSE everybody in America, especially girls, dreams about the movies and Hollywood.

And the way the stars get discovered, it just sends shivers into a girl—Lana Turner was sipping a malted on a high stool. Yes, it might even happen to you—except if you're colored!

Sure, there's Lena Horne—but only one Lena Horne. Go through the names of all the directors, writers, blacksmiths, painters, carpenters, actors—the 28,000 people

in the movie industry. You know how many Negroes you'll find? About 400! As far as they are concerned at the present moment, they work in the studios as maids, porters, butlers, cleanup men or play the same roles on the screen.

I know. I've been around Hollywood 20 of my 25 years and been in 18 movies—but it's always a dancer, extra, chorus girl. I've learned that as far as Negroes and star roles are concerned, it can't happen here.

(Continued on Next Page)



"I START THE DAY with a visit to Charles Butler who handles all calls from Central Casting. As usual, he had nothing new for me. 'If you need the dough and want to eat, don't play around pictures,' Charlie tells folks."



"MEMORIES, MEMORIES is all I get outside the main Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gate. It was here we worked our heads off on a dance scene for *Ziegfeld Folies* with Eugene Loring doing the ballet. But MGM left it on the cutting room floor."

I STARTED WHEN 5 AND I'VE BEEN JOB HUNTING EVER SINCE

I CAME to Hollywood when I was 5. The studios were still making silent pix, *Our Gang* stuff.

I'm still not sure how it happened—one day I was a kid in St. Paul giving my mother a kick with my keeping rhythm to a piano—then we decided I was going to be a movie star! We came to Hollywood and quick as a bunny I got wiggled into a Mack Sennet comedy as a little vamp. Bless me! I played that part (the hardest acting I ever have done) for two years and made \$125 a week.

You know the pressure they manufacture here. Hundreds of movie magazines. Glamour! Super-colossal! Everybody had a chance! A nobody today! Tomorrow your profile is caught by somebody as you walk the street! And sister, you're in. . . . That's the air I breathed as I grew up here.

"I took all of the acting classes in public school, the glee club work, but I liked dancing best. Laurette Butler chuckled me under her wing, started to teach me really how to dance. The excitement grew and grew. I was going to be a movie gal, a movie queen!

At last I was old enough to "be seen" and did a week's work at the Paramount Theatre in the girlie line behind the Mills Brothers. Then I got a singing job in the little White Horse Tavern, working 'till close to midnight all the time.

People encouraged me and I worked carefully doing gymnastics to keep a good figure, stretching myself to meet the chorus girl's

average height, brushing my hair a hundred strokes a night. Yeah, I followed all the tricks. . . . It meant more now because my mother had been a seamstress ever since we came to Los Angeles, in order that I could make the movies.

I moved into the Cotton Club chorus line, with a bit of singing in a few spots and then hit my first musical show, *Sepia Bells of 1938* which went on tour to Mexico.

Finally it came, it came! My first grown-up movie call, *The Singing Kid*, starring Al Jolson. About twenty of us gals were called for the *Save Them Sinners* number, if you remember! We were way in the background, but we were there!

The same studio gave us another call for a chorus line in *New Faces of 1938*. Once again we were background decoration. Then I got two breaks with Ronald Colman. I was an Algerian slave dancer in *Kismet* and I graced a pillar in *The Light That Failed*.

It was a funny thing, my young eyes were growing accustomed to the fact that there was a steady group of gals the studios called whenever they wanted colored extras, chorus cuties, or dancers. But some of us, because our skin was too black or even brown, were called very rarely. And others got the same treatment because they were too light-skinned! When these gals did go before the camera they were ordered to "color down" one or two whole tones!

Take Alice Keyes who is one of the most beautiful and personable colored gals in the

entertainment business. She's got great talent. But Alice has red hair and light features. . . . she's just out, that's all, hasn't a chance.

Then too, many times the studios took jobs that were rightly ours and gave them to white girls. Katherine Dunham, you know the dancer?—was hired by Universal Studios to teach white chorines how to be South Sea Island babes! So Dunham spent two months working, even though her group of colored dancers knew the authentic routines and were the exact color wanted. No—the studio put wigs and body and leg makeup on the white girls simply because they didn't want to use Negroes. . . .

A major studio dickered for the screen rights to *The Street*, the fine story of Harlem by Ann Petry. But here was the condition—that the Negroes all be changed to Spaniards, Swedish, or Italian people! And that's not a joke, son!

In the main, because we had only been doing maid and porter and chorus work before the war, we were hardest hit by Hollywood going war-conscious. The studios cut budgets, (out go the chorines), concentrated on war ideas that automatically excluded butlers and porters. I guess it would be too ridiculous even for the movies, to have a butler follow his employer through the war.

I didn't stay ignorant of the reasons. Did you know that 30 per cent of the movie houses are in the South? Well, that's all brother.



"**CALIFORNIA SUN** is one thing you can get plenty of in Hollywood even if jobs are scarce. I went out for some air and a picnic with three other gals who've been trying to crash the movies but without much luck. Juliette Ball on the left has worked with me in a couple of films. I come next, laughing as usual. Then there's Lucille O'Daniell, who's had her movie hopes. On the end is Vivian Jackson, wife of one of the Charioteers and always called for chorus work."



"**VIVIAN JACKSON** worked for Cotton Club in New York for five years with her sister in an act called, 'The Brown Twins.' She occasionally gets in those tavern soundies."



"**LUCILLE O'DANIELL** is a Brooklyn girl who came West in 1943 with Bill Robinson's show *Born Happy*. Unable to get a movie job, she's going back East this Fall."



"**JULIETTE BALL** is one of those Hollywood rarities, a native born in Los Angeles. She does extra or dancer roles, once in a while models for magazines."

(Continued on Next Page)



"I'M THE HOME TYPE and anyway I have to fix supper for Mother and myself. I guess we're both still dreaming. But it looks like making a living in the movies is pretty much out. I know there's no future in it for me. I don't know why I keep hanging on for calls, knocking myself out for two days here, three days there. There just isn't any opportunity and all my dreaming is good for laughs only. For instance, in *Stormy Weather*, they rehearsed and shot the whole picture in two months. Normally that picture should have taken six months, maybe more. But because it was an all-colored show they rushed us in and rushed us out fast, boy!"



"MOTHER has been plugging for my movie career for years. I hand it to her. The pooch, incidentally, is named Scrappy."

A DREAM ENDS FOR CHORUS GIRLS

WHEN Lena Horne got picked up singing at the Little Trocadero out here and inked a contract at MGM, I shouted for joy.

Old Charley Butler who handles all Negro movie calls for Central Casting picked up the rumor that Metro was going to ink about ten of us to studio deals to back Lena's singing. You see, every major studio has some white cuties on contract. So... we were excited, on edge. Sure enough, we got called for Lena's first, *Cabin In The Sky*, but although Arthur Freed, Lena's producer, was more than cooperative, there was only talk, talk, talk, and there are still no Negroes on contract as extras.

But we came back for all of Lena's work. I was her stand-in for awhile, so was Juliette Ball, so was Artie Young, another one of the "hounds" that kept up the fight. We danced or looked nice or did both in *Stormy Weather*, but it became bitterly clear that all Lena was ever going to do was sing, do spot numbers. And pretty soon they just used classy drapes as background, and that, girls, was the end of that dream!

The system is just changing but do you see how vicious and unfair it is? The studios only want us to play Negroes with a capital N but we could play any number of roles depending on how we photograph, light, dark, or whatnot. The camera doesn't have a white man's eye! Why with a little makeup I could do a French barmaid or an Italian street girl or even a Southern belle!

Meanwhile I picked up a few days pay at Paramount on *Road To Zanzibar* and *Road To Morocco*. But the \$13.75 as a dancer, or the \$10.50 as an extra wasn't enough to buy a couple months worth of Camels. I tried Social Security funds but soon (like everybody else) I had to take side jobs.

It went this way—you'd work in a cafe or a club, possibly all night. Suddenly you get a studio call and you go right from your night job to the six ayem call. If the studio work was more than three days, you gave up the night club job. At the end of the week, the movie was finished shooting, or your scene was over with, and you had nary a job nowhere. So, you start the whole business over again. I think I've worked every nitery in Los Angeles, Hollywood and Beverly Hills, that employs Negro girls.



"WE WORKED with Bill Robinson and Lena Horne in *Stormy Weather*. Way over on the left is Vivian Jackson, whom I told you about before. Then comes lil' old me. On the other side are Artie Young and Alice Keyes. Alice is made up darker than she really is. If you look close you'll see us in about every picture Lena's ever made—only way in the background. This pays \$16.50 a day. Our last pic was *Carolina Blues*."

"I VISITED Frank Tuttle, the director, and Carleton Moss, the writer, to talk about doing something to give us a better break in pix. Maybe we'll crack through yet. Both Mr. T. and Mr. M. are in the battle with us."





"I WENT TO SEE Mae Johnson and Louise Franklin backstage in a downtown Los Angeles theater where they are in the smash hit *Two In A Bed*. Both have been in the movies but got nowhere. Yet their talent is enough to jam a house four months in a row. Yes, it's hard to understand the way Hollywood works."



"I GO TO BED around dawn, usually get up late in the afternoon. That's when I'm not working at the studio. Usual studio call is 7 bells—and that's ayem. The grind in front of the camera is no cinch and it's tough to keep bright and chipper with those hours. So goodbye night club when you get a couple of days in the studio."



"NIGHTS I WORK at the Double V in Los Angeles from midnight to 6 ayem. That's Lucille O'Daniell, the gal from Brooklyn, behind the counter. I'm assistant manager here and kinda keep the fellows in a good mood. It's impossible to make movie pay last. You have to have a job on the side to keep going."

NO CALLS FOR TWO YEARS

I WENT to see Frank Tuttle one day. He's one of Hollywood's oldest directors, been in the industry for an easy 25 years. He said that the majority of screen directors, writers and actors felt that "Negroes should be used as people instead of as Negroes." And I think that's true and he's right. There's no discrimination among us all when we work. We appreciate and judge each other on the basis of our talent or performance.

The NAACP, and some of the Negro press, are trying to force studios to give us colored a better break. Not especially we who work, but in the writing, the characters we portray. It isn't important that I do more work standing in front of a pillar but it is important that there are parts written about Negro pilots, engineers, or just plain ordinary people! Our life is as rich, our problems as important, and our music and comedy as good, if not in many instances, a lot better than the trash they put before a camera many times!

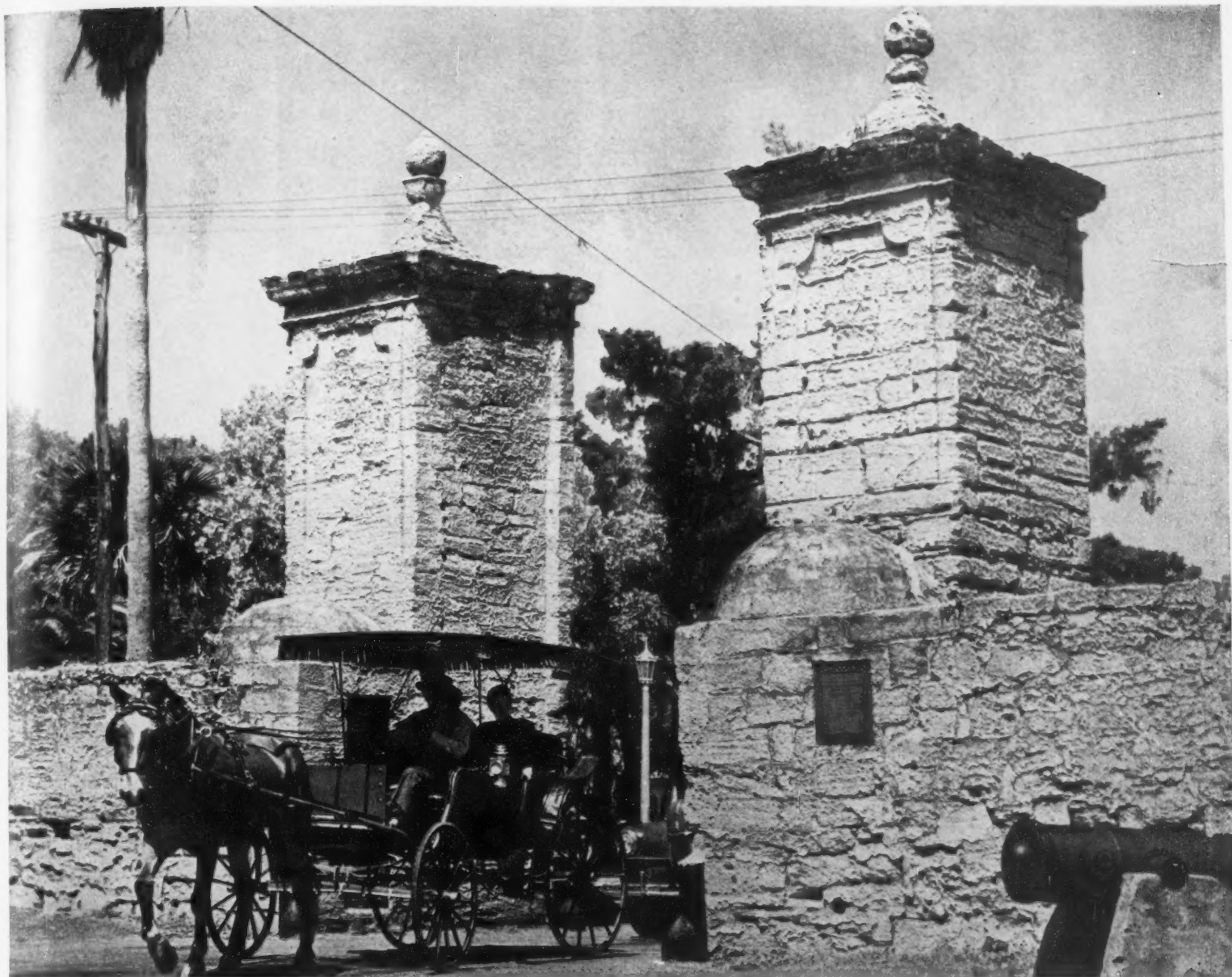
Oh—yes . . . some people, colored, are starting all-Negro films. But I think this is just as bad as all-white films. . . . This country is a mixture, isn't it?

The movies are a big business. They're very sensitive to the B.O. (that's box office). If people could be organized to protest to the movie house managers, to write to the studios protesting or demanding certain changes, if they'd boycott certain films to show their displeasure—ah, then there'd be some changes made, yes sirree!

Before the war there were about 300 of us paying dues regularly to the Screen Actors or Screen Extras Guild. Now—there are less than half that number left. The simple fact is there hasn't been one call from a studio for any Negro dancers or singers in over two years! How can you keep trying in a dead silence?

There are the very few—count 'em—Lena, Louise Beavers, Rochester, Willie Best, Mantan Moreland, Hattie McDaniels, that have contracts for some guarantee of work. But making a living in the movies for just plain lil' old me is impossible.

And that, dear readers, is the story of my dream. And it hurts, even though I got as good a laugh as you. . . . So long, see you in the pictures, I hope!



TOURISTS IN A CARRIAGE pass through the ancient gates of the city of St. Augustine. Hacks have the right of way and autos have to wait their turn. The rigs are made by a firm in Indiana at a cost of \$250 each. Horses are worth about \$150 each.

SURREYS SURVIVE IN OLDEST CITY

St. Augustine hack drivers cling to tradition in tourist town

IN THE OLDEST city of the United States, one of the oldest modes of transportation—"the surrey with the fringe on top"—is a hallowed tradition. For some 50 Negro hack drivers of St. Augustine, which was founded in 1565 by a Spanish explorer and later sacked by British Sir Francis Drake, the ancient horse-and-carriage trade provides a lucrative living.

The Florida town 40 miles south of Jacksonville lives off the tourist trade and visitors carry away memories of the old world atmosphere typified by the top-hatted colored drivers and their elegant surreys. In an age of mechanization, St. Augustine (30% Negro) clings to the past as a valuable antique to sell to tourists who double the white population during the busy winter season.

Tourists find the slow, sleepy pace of the town easy to fall into and the surreys prove to be the best way of seeing the sights without having to use speedy transportation. A party of three pays \$2 for an hour's ride and gets a Cook's tour lecture on St. Augustine thrown in as part of the bargain.

Drivers all have their own spiel adding their personalities to the actual history of the city, which boasts the oldest standing house in the U. S. as well as the oldest fort, a Spanish-built affair begun in 1638 and finished in 1756.

If tourists are gullible, the stories some of the elderly colored hackies tell are out of this world. Favorite is the one about the local lighthouse which has black and white stripes painted on it like a barber pole. Tourists are informed that the stripes used to run straight up and down but a bad storm twisted the lighthouse around causing the barber pole effect. Another is that the sea wall was put up to keep snakes out of town.

The carriage trade was started in 1875 by the Colee family, one of the founders of the town, and they still own most of the hacks today.

Drivers make enough to live comfortably. The first \$4 taken in each week go to buy feed for the horse. The balance is split fifty-fifty with the carriage owners.

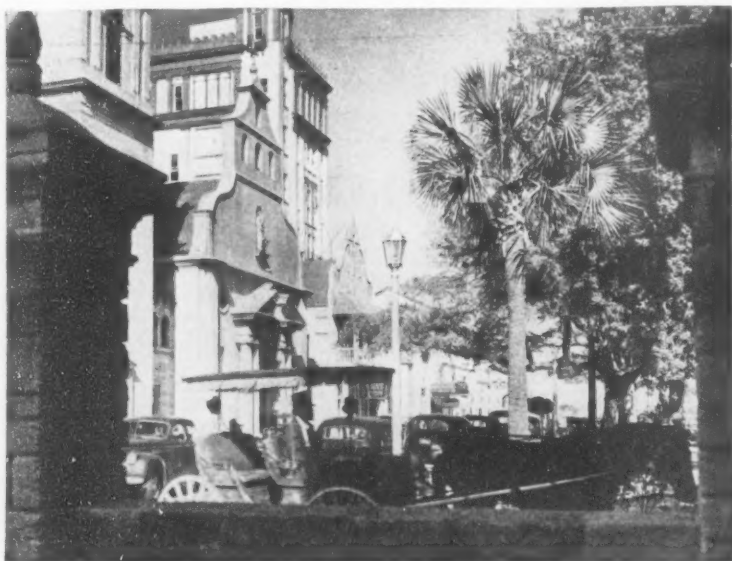
The local Chamber of Commerce proudly boasts of its Negro hack drivers as a romantic remnant of old times. Executive Secretary John W. Dillin admits: "Many people do not think of St. Augustine without some thought of the hacks and colored drivers. They have given the Ancient City a great deal of appeal and they have made friends for the municipality."

"Individually they are some of the best salesmen for the community and we are indebted to them. It certainly is an ideal way to go sightseeing, as the drivers give great and glowing stories of our history and many of them have a funny story to tell about each point of interest. It would be a great loss if they were ever to discontinue their service."

Unlike the hack trade in some other cities St. Augustine's venerable business has skipped over the biggest money-maker—driving around romantic couples after dark. Most of the drivers put up their rigs at five o'clock in the evening and lovers have to search for conventional park benches.



YOUNGEST DRIVER in St. Augustine is Henry James who meets a party of high school girls on vacation to give them a ride in his surrey. Ride is comfortable and relaxing. Drivers sell "air conditioned ride in pullman seats." They are secure against competition because the number of cabs remain constant. There are enough old timers to take care of all the business and it is hard for a newcomer to break in.



OLDEST CATHOLIC DIOCESE in the United States is found in St. Augustine and drivers always make it a point to drive down Cathedral Street and point out the Cathedral built in 1791. Fringed canopy protects riders in carriage from sun. Hackies are tops in social standing in town because of their independent status.



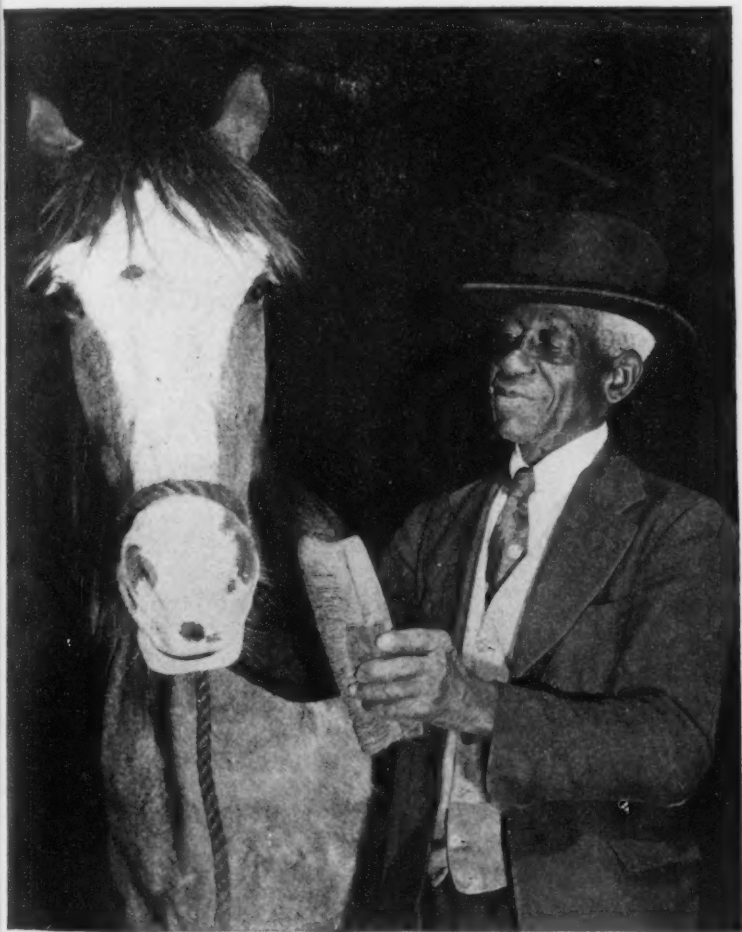
BIGGEST ATTRACTION at St. Augustine is "The Oldest House Under Four Flags." It has been under four governments—Spanish, English, Confederate and U. S.—and is supposed to be the oldest house in the nation. Here driver Walker tells a funny one about the house to his riders.



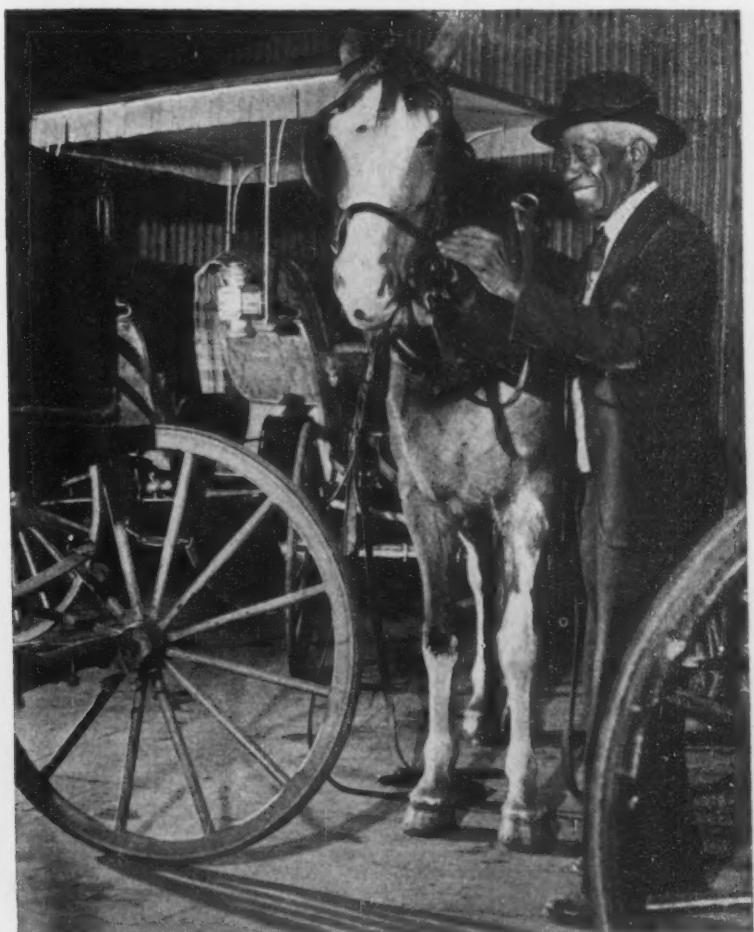
TRANSPORTATION CONTRAST is presented by the "surrey with the fringe on top," as if taken from the settings of *Oklahoma*, and another vehicle that too has carried a huge number of passengers in its heyday—the "jeep." Nothing in local law prevents white riders from sitting where they please and many ride up front with the driver in order not to miss any of the hackie's talk.



HACK RACE on the hard beach of St. Augustine was scheduled as a newsreel stunt. Horses displayed fine form and winner was a betassled nag named Silver piloted by driver Ross Franklin. Cabbies love to take good care of their horses, which aren't retired until they die of old age. Drivers all name their own horses.



BRUSHING DOWN his horse Spot for good maintenance of coat and sheen, Willis Canty who at 70 is one of the oldest drivers gets ready for a day's work. Canty is one of the few drivers who wears a derby instead of a high topper.



HARNESSING Spot to the carriage, Canty is ready to take his place at the St. Francis Street hack stand. Among tourists and cabbies, Canty is known as "Candy." Most of the carriages are natural finish wood, some black.



SUMMER FASHION at St. Augustine for this "Male Animal" is a straw hat worn far back on the head. Inquiry failed to reveal what nationally advertised brand of tooth paste Mr. Horse uses on his fine teeth.



SNOODS are very much in style for the feminine horse. The two cone-shaped socks for housing the ears are both decorative and practical. Made in all colors, they help to protect the horses from flies.



A CORSAGE tops off a model of what the well-dressed horse will wear this season. Drivers take great pains to decorate their horses and carriages with flags and flowers. They do their best to attract tourists.



TWO-HORSE RIG with a larger carriage capable of pulling more people is handled by driver Paul Glenn. Several of the drivers own their own rigs. Typical is 70-year-old Alec Nateels whose first buggy was bought for him by a wealthy winter visitor. Alec paid back the money as he made it.

SLUM CANYON TO CAMPFIRES

TO HOLIDAY-HUNGRY kids all over America, the day school shuts for summer vacation is the happiest day of the year. Some 24 million youngsters march out of classrooms to sing:

*No more pencils, no more books,
No more teacher's dirty looks.*

And it's off to the beach or a farm or better yet a summer camp for many, many thousands. But for the more than two million Negro school boys and girls in America, summer vacation too often in past years has meant going to work shining shoes and picking cotton or playing stick ball and cops and robbers on baking pavements crowded in by a canyon of tenements. With only a handful of Negro camps and most white vacation spots barring colored children, many never come any closer to nature than a geranium in a window-box.

This summer of 1946, however, more Negro kids will be off to camp than ever before—especially in jammed Harlem where only one out of every ten of the community's 35,000 boys and girls ever got to camp. Longtime racial bars are breaking down and more than 60 camps in the New York area will accept Negroes this summer. All but five of these are interracial.

Five years ago one of the biggest New York vacation service agencies sent Negro kids to camps "for Negroes only." Today, thanks to the pioneering efforts of several religious denominations that sponsor summer spots, all YMCA, YWCA, Boy Scout and Girl Scouts camps accept Negroes.

Camping is not only for the luxury class. Parents, who hear campers' tales of horseback riding, swimming, boating and badminton, usually believe that rich folks alone can get their children out of the city for part of the summer. Actually rates in the 36 camps used by the Methodist Camp Service range from \$4.50 to \$25 per week.

The experience of counselors has demonstrated that young folks regardless of race can get along even if their adults don't. Many all-Negro camps are on their way out.

Interracial pioneering hasn't always been easy. Up at Winchester, N. H., Rev. Jim Robinson's Camps Rabbit Hollow and Lake Forest got threats from hostile neighbors who said they would burn his places down. At the end of two years they were begging for seats at the camps' water carnival and offering Robinson flowers from their wives' gardens.

Despite big gains made in cracking camp color lines, there is much to be done yet, for most camps have waiting lists of hundreds. Some 3,000 more Harlem kids could and would go to camp this summer if facilities were available. To try and open up more camps for Negro kids, the Central Harlem Council for Community Planning in April sponsored a Camp Fair to show welfare agency chiefs how big the demand is and also to show parents where their children would be going this summer.

Hopes are high that the Camp Fair will make all camps fair to all races.

NATURE STUDY IS FUN AT YWCA'S INTER-RACIAL CAMP FERN ROCK AT BEAR MOUNTAIN, NEW YORK. SIGN ON TREE READS, "I AM SWEET; CALL ME SUGAR MAPLE."

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COLOR MOVIE *Let's Get Away From It All* is shown parents at Camp Fair, held to educate parents on camp life, show need for more camps, more funds. Campers squealed in delight as they recognized familiar scenes of past summers. Parents saw that even rainy days at camp are fun with games and story-telling sessions for the children.



CAMP CLOTHES on exhibit at Fair include sturdy shoes, blue jeans. Old-time campers dub modish sports outfits "corny," swear by warm sweaters, a raincoat, two quick-drying bathing suits, rugged playsuits, include a "city" dress or suit only for Sundays. Many parents, discouraged by lack of facilities, give up hope of sending kids to camp but Camp Fair strives to promote new interest.



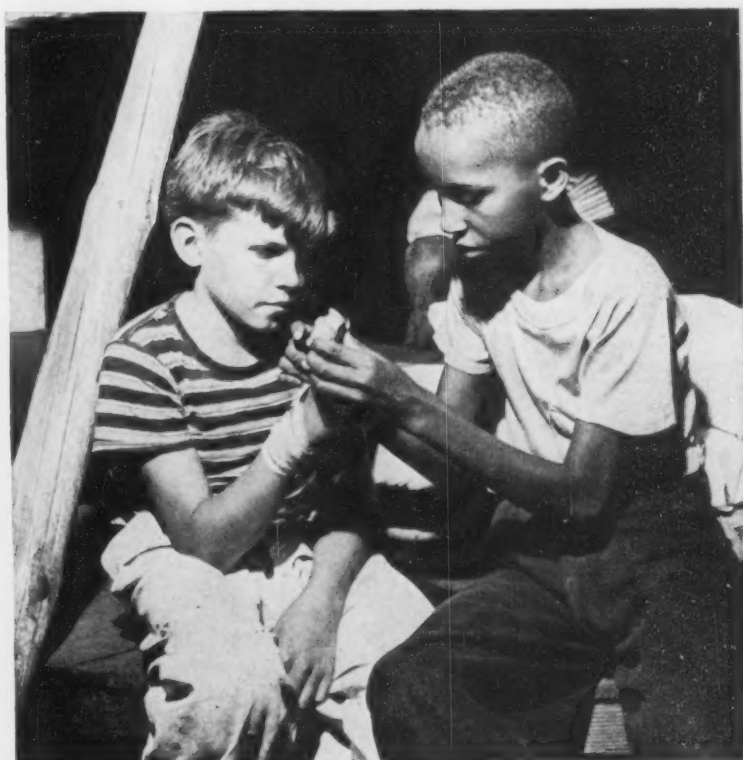
PARENTS get literature on camplife at Fair, ask questions like "Are there camps for physically handicapped children?" (A few camps take such youngsters). "Are they for Protestants only?" (Most are non-sectarian, make special arrangement for church services). A little girl queried "Will the food be as good as the food I get at home?" Kids all over the auditorium chorused "Yes!"



FRIENDSHIPS of camp days are based on good sportsmanship, shared activities, cooperation in putting on skits, chapel services. Friendships are sometimes passed on to parents too, like the case of Bill, a Negro lad from Atlanta, Georgia, who attended an Eastern camp with a white Texas boy. On the first visiting day, their fathers came out, got into an argument on the bus and arrived at "daggers ends." Their ugly conversation begun in the bus came to an abrupt and shamefaced end when they were greeted by their sons, arm-in-arm, each waiting to meet his friend's much bragged-about "pop." What the parents did not know that the white boy had at first raised a terrific fuss over having to sleep with a Negro, and that it took their counselor over a week to convince them that brotherhood was more than skin deep.



SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR lends a hand at dock of Camp Nathan Hale, Southfields, N. Y. Most beginners go through "buddy-swimming" period of holding hands all the time they are in the water. This system has broken down many prejudices.



FIRST AID for a minor injury is administered by a pal but all suspicious cases are instantly referred to camp nurse. Like most camps, Hale has a doctor within easy reach, but finds little occasion to call him. Camps all over the country have waiting lists of hundreds.



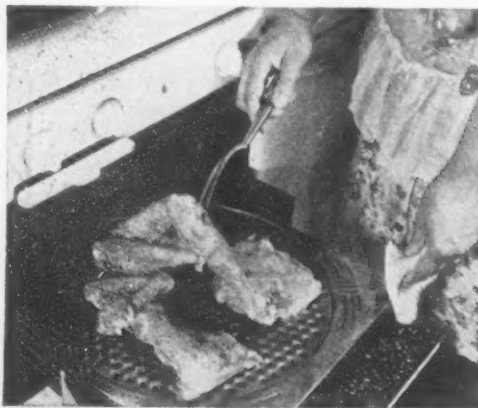
1. Select small fryer or medium-sized broiler. Clean and cut up chicken, sprinkle with garlic salt, paprika, hickory salt. Cover and let stand in refrigerator over night.



2. Prepare barbecue sauce with ingredients in recipe. Cook 20 minutes stirring constantly. The amount given is for two chickens and serves six to eight persons.



3. When ready to cook, remove chicken from refrigerator and dip in sauce. Place chicken on broiler pan ready for oven.



4. Cook slowly under broiler, turning every 15 minutes with fork until done. Temperature should remain about 330 F.



5. Baste chicken with sauce at regular intervals to keep from drying. Chicken should be a deep brown on all sides. Approximate time from 1½ to 2 hours. Place in a warm oven until ready to serve.

BARBECUE CHICKEN

YOU DON'T need a barbecue pit to enjoy a gay picnic at home these summer months at a patio party or a buffet supper. Barbecue in your kitchen gas stove is a cinch with this recipe for tasty old-fashioned barbecued chicken. Brown as a berry with hickory flavor cooked in, the aroma will bring you countryside memories. Barbecue sauce is the key to success, of course. Here's the makings: Saute in bacon fat: 3 medium-sized onions, 2 pods garlic, ½ cup celery. When well done (not brown), add: ½ cup chili sauce, 2 tablespoons dry mustard, 2 tablespoons Worcester sauce, 1 tablespoon thyme, 2 tablespoons chili powder, 2 bay leaves, 2 tablespoons hickory salt, several pods red pepper, 1 can tomato sauce or paste, 1 cup vinegar. Let simmer for 20 minutes and baste chicken as directed.



6. Serve barbecue hot or cold, with or without sauce. Trimmings should include a delicious shell macaroni salad garnished with romain lettuce, endives, green onions and celery.



ON THE JOB jivester Dan Burley is a dynamo of energy. His amazing ability to turn out reams of copy is fabulous among Negro newspapermen. He writes under many pseudonyms including Don DeLeighbur and Dan Gardner. During war he went to India with USO unit.

JIVE PAPA

Eloquent Dan Burley is Harlem's acknowledged 'high priest of jive'

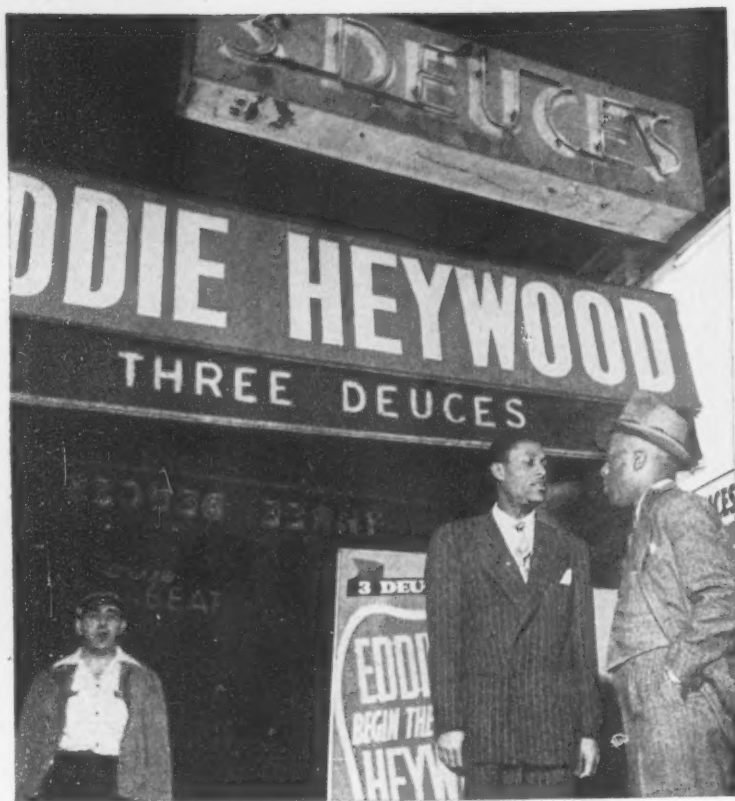
TO MANY "hep" Americans, restless, eloquent, ebullient Dan Burley is the nation's foremost authority on the highly-specialized, picturesque language of jive.

By faithfully transcribing big-city Negro slang into brilliant conversational pieces and presenting vivid word portraits of the colorful folk who use it, the crack 39-year-old Harlem newspaperman has won the plaudits of etymologists and semanticists who credit

him with advancing the frontiers of American speech. To the big audience he reaches each week in his popular column in the 100,000-circulation New York Amsterdam News, he is at once an omniscient reporter, a callous panderer of sordid secrets, a rich humorist or a mercenary rogue.

Innuendoes notwithstanding, the Burley reputation on one score rests unchallenged: he is the High Priest of Jive.

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HOT MUSIC WORLD on 52nd Street is a favorite beat of Dan Burley. He knows most of the top musicians by their first name. Here he chats outside 3 Deuces with Eddie Heywood, swing pianist of *Begin The Beguine* fame. Dan has composed a four-part *Suite In Four Comfortable Quarters* which includes *Bedroom Blues*, *Bathroom Boogie*, *Living Room Romp* and *Kitchen Connipions*.



ADEPT BOOGIE WOOGIE ARTIST, Dan sits in regularly on jam sessions with famous jazzmen like trumpeter Henry "Red" Allen, right, whose band plays at the Onyx Club on 52nd Street. Burley is very often seen tickling the ivories at Cafe Society Downtown or the Village Vanguard. He is a member in good standing of AFL Musicians Union Local 802.



ON HIS MANHATTAN BEAT, Dan usually prefers to travel alone but sometimes joins a small party like this one at the Spotlight Club where Coleman Hawkins, crack tenor saxophone virtuoso, and Dizzy Gillespie, exponent of the "be-bop" school, are featured. With Dan are Booker Brown of the Amsterdam News staff and Mrs. Sally Parks.

NEW JIVE BOOM IS BY-PRODUCT OF RESURGENCE OF JAZZ MUSIC

IT TOOK the zeal and energy of Dan Burley to raise jive from the level of street and backroom oral banter to the somewhat dignified and exotic place it now occupies in American popular culture.

Blessed with a sensitive ear and a sharp memory for idiomatic expressions, Burley realized years ago while he was a cub reporter on a Chicago weekly, that urban Negro lingo might be given a degree of permanence it had never enjoyed. Burley has done more in the interest of this baffling, streamlined form of English than any man living. He has organized glossaries and classified phrases which he has carefully defined.

Burley's jive is unrelated to the patter of the bobby-soxers or the slick jargon of the commercial comedians. It is, in essence, the reproduced speech of persons who speak it naturally all the time, and with intense feeling.

As the No. 1 expert on this fluid tongue Burley can wax eloquent and scholarly on the subject, has even written a book about it, *Dan Burley's Original Handbook of Harlem Jive*, a popular analysis of jive for the uninitiated. In it Dan, using copious examples, strips jive of its esoteric quality and defines it in simple terms. Thus:

"Jive is language in motion. It supplies the answer to the hunger for the unusual, the exotic and the picturesque in speech. . . . Jive is a defense mechanism, a method of deriving pleasure from something the uninitiated cannot understand."

The jive dialect which Burley has codified has been in existence for a good many years though it received its greatest impetus during the past 10 or 12 years. This widening appreciation has significantly developed almost as a by-product of the great resurgence of American jazz music which began around 1936.

One of the most important sources of jive is the abstruse jargon of the jazz world. Burley knows this world intimately, for he is not only a blues pianist of some merit but he has been a frequenter of rent parties and jam sessions ever since his high school days.

His social life is seldom distinct from his professional one. He gets his "kicks" (which are the stuff of which life's pleasures and thrills are made) from his frenzied wanderings through an incredible maze of night clubs, bars, restaurants, band rehearsals and after-hours spots. His stocky figure, gray-flecked head and bulging eyes are as familiar to patrons of the Savoy Ballroom and Hotel Theresa Bar in Harlem as they are to habitués of Cafe Society Downtown and the string of narrow, little niteries on 52nd Street where hot jazz rules unbridled.

JIVE has a strong appeal for many whites. It has a peculiar fascination for a large number of intellectuals and artists who view it as something strange, wonderful and intensely American.

Author Elliot Paul, whom Burley helped to understand the intricacies of boogie-woogie pianistics, is one of these. While visiting Paul in his Greenwich Village apartment Dan reports that the bearded writer would yelp with delight each time he uttered a new jive expression.

Erson Welles is another who has sat, figuratively, at the feet of the jive master and had the mysteries of the language unraveled for him.

His constant search for copy brings Burley into steady contact with celebrities in many fields. He is known to a cross-section of the theatrical profession. The Broadway and New York newspaper crowd, ever alert to odd types have tagged him as a character.

Before he became a tub-thumper for jive talk, he points out, the language was little known outside of the Negro sections of large northern cities like New York and Chicago. Largely as a result of the Burley program, it has penetrated the American hinterland and gained converts in such out of the way places as Walla Walla, Wash. and Seguin, Texas.

His *Original Handbook of Harlem Jive*, a cheaply-printed, soft-cover book, has had a remarkable sale and has found its way into the British Museum, the National Library of France and numerous university libraries. Sensing a literary kinship, Dan sent an autographed copy of the book to Gertrude Stein in France.

All in all, he feels, jive has gotten around considerably as a result of his efforts. He is immensely proud of what he has done for jive since he is convinced that it is destined to play a revolutionary role in modern English. He says:

"Jive talk to the English language is the link between the masses and the classes. It is the most permanent and durable link. It is basic semantics. It is the translation of street idioms into what might be called the dynamics of language."



BEATING OUT RHYTHMS for his jive-talking devotees to dance to is something Dan will do anywhere. Here he is contributing his piano playing to a Harlem party.



LEG PARADE of Harlem beauties is viewed by Dan and Fritz Pollard, former All-American grid star who now heads Sun Tan Studios where juke-box soundies are done. Burley occasionally gives a hand to Pollard, has written music for scores of the movies and recently appeared in several playing the piano.



FLOOD OF FAN MAIL to "Back Door Stuff," Burley's jive column in New York Amsterdam News, testifies to growing army of jivesters who speak "the language." Like in most things, Burley is prolific in dictation. He writes most of his own stuff on a typewriter, however, and like most newsmen is a two-finger typist. Burley is left-handed.

IN HIS OFFICE for short spurts only, Dan unlike most managing editors gets out "in the street" during his working hours. He helps outline Amsterdam News policy in hasty editorial conferences with associate editor Julius Adams, left, and A. Wendell Malliet, foreign editor.





HOBNOBBING with big names in American life is routine to Burley here seen with author Roi Ottley in Jock's Place, a Harlem club of which Dan is a part-owner. Burley once met President Roosevelt but did not talk jive to him. He is proud too, of a 10-minute conference he had with Henry Wallace in 1944.

HIS COLUMN A JIVE BIBLE

DAN BURLEY'S rise to eminence in journalism has been akin to a snowball rolling upwards. He has acquired a host of new activities and "hustles" along the way.

For a number of years now he has edited the sports and theatrical pages of the Amsterdam News, contributing abundant columns of type to these departments. He has done extensive reporting on general topics ranging from municipal politics to interviews with celebrities like Governor Thomas Dewey, Jim Farley, Branch Rickey and Fiorello LaGuardia. When the paper began a national edition another Burley column, "Clothesline," sprouted in its pages.

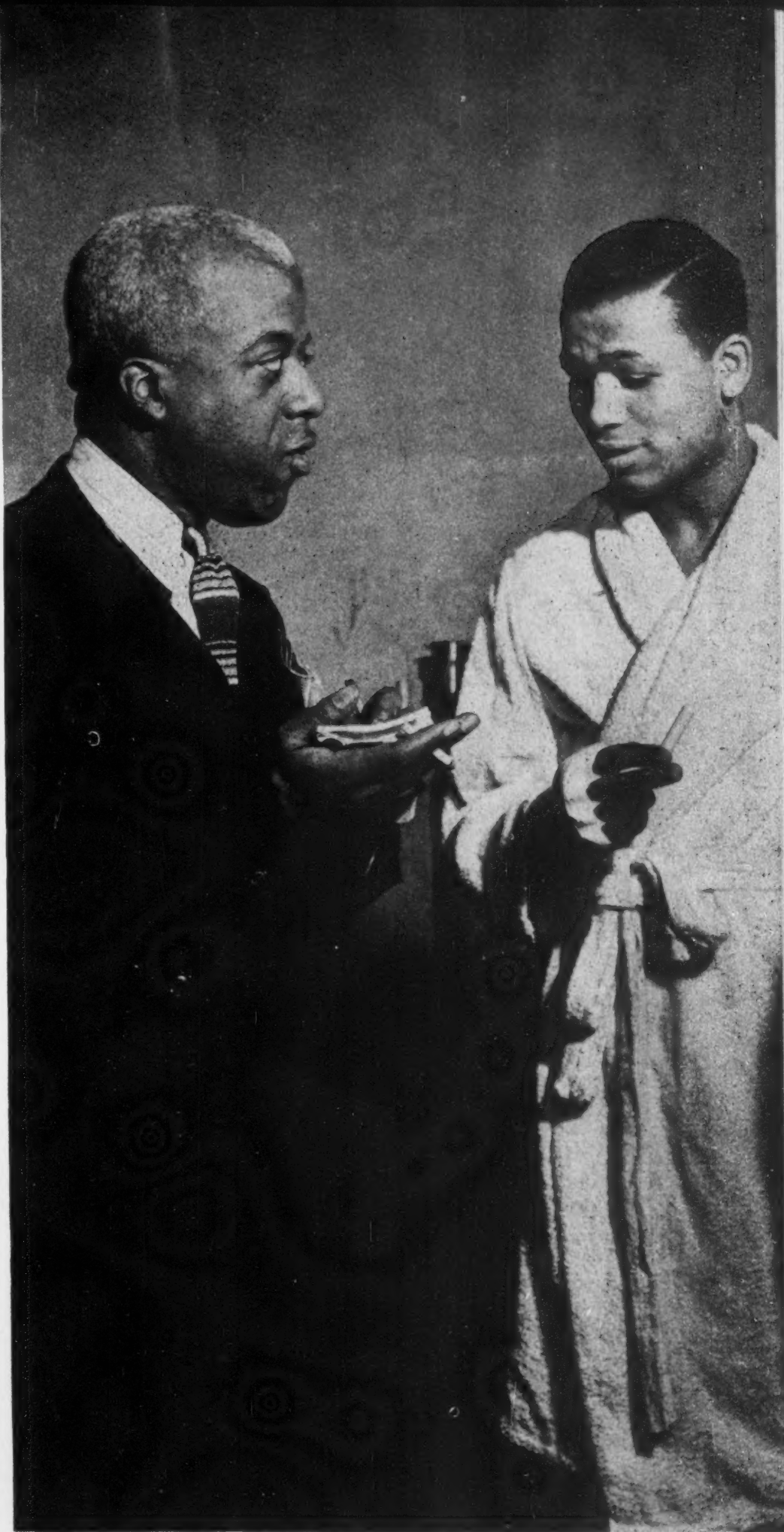
The bulk of Burley's fame has probably come from his unique, original column, "Back Door Stuff" which is eagerly read by the sporting uptown crowd which he sometimes calls "the nightlife backwash."

It is through this column that jive has made its greatest headway. In it Dan records the latest jive words and idioms that he has picked up and invents a few himself when the going gets slow. To some it is a jive bible in weekly installments, the last word in contemporary Harlemlense. To others its uninhibited style is raw and indecent.

"Back Door Stuff" has carried parodies in jive of the works of Shakespeare, Whittier, Longfellow and other authors whose classic style the booted brethren consider "square." A number of Burley essays in jive have become classics of a kind. One of these, "The Legend of the Seven Skulls," is a florid description of a Harlem marijuana party written in rhyme. The female commentator says:

"Listen to my spiel: it was a deuce of dims and brights ago, in a crib up on the Hill, that I dug Seven Skulls with just one roach, gently copping their trill. Now all were tall, each one six feet; they were hipped to the jive, I swear. They tabled all begs, all reet, all reet, and made things bad for a square. They knocked a stash in a slammer quite wide, and passed the spark around. And each was solid with his parachute, mellow and ready to glide."

The above passage may be totally incomprehensible to most literate Americans, but there is a large and growing school of modernists who are able to successfully decipher it. For this increasing comprehension Dan Burley is chiefly responsible and will quickly say so.



SPORTS EDITOR as well as the top editorial executive of the Amsterdam News, Dan knows every top figure in the Negro sports world. Here he interviews uncrowned welterweight king Ray "Sugar" Robinson in his dressing room. Burley's first newspaper job was writing sports at \$25 a week. He recently tangled with other sports writers when he crusaded in favor of Negro athletes participating in AAU track meet in Texas despite Jim Crow.

(Continued on Next Page)



RINGSIDE PRESSROW at Madison Square Garden includes Burley at all important fights. Dan's knowledge of fight game is conceded by boxers and sports writers alike. His name was proposed as Negro member of the New York State Boxing Commission. But Burley's boss, Publisher Dr. C. B. Powell, got the job instead.



MUSIC INTERESTS keep Dan working closely with Amsterdam News music editor Nora Holt, a former concert singer. His wife, the former Gustava McCurdy, also a concert singer, died recently at the age of 35. Burley lives in a modest apartment on Harlem's Bradhurst Avenue. He only had five music lessons as a boy.

'JIVE POTENTIALS' AND NIGHT SPOT ARE BURLEY BRAIN CHILDREN

EARLY literary influences were few and definitely unclassical for Dan Burley. He read everything by Poe he could get his hands on and was terribly impressed. He remembers reading several of Charles Dickens' novels and being moved by them.

It is when he discusses his introduction to the ten cent blood-and-thunder books so popular among the youth of his generation that his eyes light up. He still considers himself deeply indebted to this type of literature. "I got a good dose of Horatio Alger and Frank Merriwell and haven't regretted it," he says.

Burley received most of his formal schooling in Chicago. Born in Lexington, Ky. in 1907, his early youth was spent in Texas. His father was an itinerant Baptist preacher who died when Dan was five; his mother at one time taught at Tuskegee while Booker T. Washington headed that famous school. When she married for the second time she moved to Chicago where her husband lived and there Dan started right in to acquire his present sharp perception of big-city life, to sense its shifting moods and to know its folkways.

Young Dan found life on Chicago's South Side endlessly stimulating.

His scholastic record at Wendell Phillips High School was not particularly noteworthy. Dan had numerous other interests. Athletics was one of them; he was a football and wrestling man. As a trackman he set one short-lived record for the mile.

During his brief career at school Dan seemed to place less stress on the three R's than on learning the intricate rhythms of boogie woogie and absorbing the speech of the loud-dressing gamblers and the alcoholic derelicts who hung around 35th and Calumet. These were his principal interests.

Looking back on this period in his life, Dan says: "It was not classroom background but good street background. That kind of education you don't get in classrooms."

Becoming a little impatient with the slow processes of education Dan left school to take a job in the post office. After a year or more

at this work he entered the employ of the Chicago Defender which still ostentatiously bills itself as "The World's Greatest Weekly." Dan began as an inconspicuous "catch-all." His duties were divided between carrying copy and serving as assistant to Frank Young, the sports editor. Young, says Burley, was a one-man journalism school.

"He gave me a thorough grounding in journalism, both technically and ethically," Dan says of Young. It is unlikely however that young Burley impressed Young as a potential changer of American speech. Dan left the Defender and joined the staff of a rival newspaper, The Chicago Bee, where he became managing editor in no time at all. During the Burley regime the Bee's circulation went up from a measly 1,200 to 14,000 net paid. This was largely due to the popularity of a column by Burley titled "Back Door Stuff."

During the Bee phase of his career Dan made a number of important connections. One of these was Richard Wright, later to blossom forth as one of America's finest writers. They became acquainted while both were employed in the Chicago Post Office and actually started to collaborate on a novel which they intended to call *You're Next*. For reasons that are still unclear this work was abandoned.

Dan conveys the impression that the novel was still-born because of a divergence of literary tastes. "Wright at that time was under the influence of Theodore Dreiser," he claims, "and I was not. I was readin' hell out of Edgar Allen Poe."

In between his Defender apprenticeship and the Bee job he spent some time in Wisconsin working in lumber mills. But this was not of Dan's choosing. He had been fired from the Defender along with the rest of the staff in the course of one of the periodic editorial house-cleanings that have characterized that paper's history. Later on, sensing a good thing in Burley's column, "Back Door Stuff," the Defender management purchased rights to the column's idea and title. A wrangle over financial terms ensued which ended with

Burley breaking off negotiations and moving to New York where he found work as a reporter on the Amsterdam News, whose publishers, Drs. C. B. Powell and P.M.H. Savory, apparently saw big possibilities in his jive style of writing.

His column soon became the paper's leading feature, his omniscience in the nocturnal affairs of Harlemites a thing to be feared and respected. In 1942 he was made managing editor of the paper. After years of arduous hustling in the metropolitan wildernesses he had arrived. In his own jive terms, he was in the groove with a mad issue, knocking down a fine glory roll.

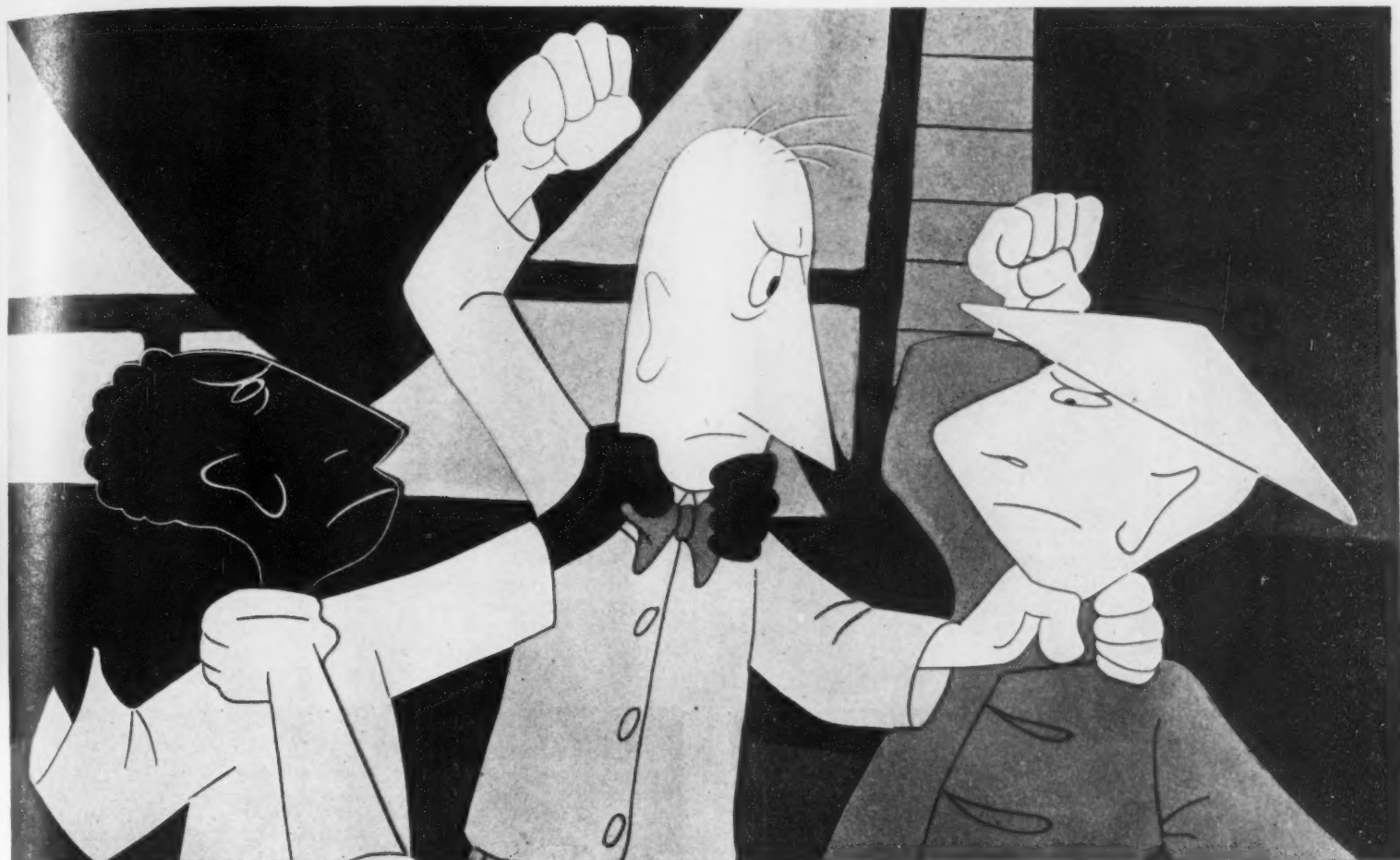
His more conventional critics contend that his professional ethics constitute a sorry reflection on present-day Negro journalism, but his "booted" admirers in Harlem's back alleys and bars laud him as a "mad scribe."

An exceedingly restless man, he relaxes at a terrific tempo, finding it irksome to sit still for too long. He speaks in a nervous, spasmodic manner, using short, truncated sentences that tumble torrentially from his mouth. He is fond of saying that his day never ends; there are only breaks in his schedule which he uses for sleep.

Right now, Dan Burley is at the crest of a wave of national interest in jive and its many offshoots. He is capitalizing on this interest and is forever looking for new ways of increasing his already substantial income. With his income being rapidly augmented by such ventures as Jive Potentials, a firm which commercializes jive ideas, and Jock's Place, a Harlem edition of Cafe Society in which he has a financial interest, Dan is definitely on the way to becoming a citizen of more than average stability.

Whatever his commercial future may be, Dan Burley will probably leave a strong imprint on the national speech. He is well aware of this, and glows with pride when it is mentioned. But he goes right on tirelessly promoting his own security.

The reason is not hard to find: the man is no square.



HERO of the 15-minute, full-color cartoon *The Brotherhood of Man* is Henry, the Average White Man. He gets into a fight with other races and slugs it out after yelling, "We're all different." Henry's face is after the fashion of the popular Steinberg cartoons in *The New Yorker*.

NEW CARTOON KIDS RACISM

'Brotherhood of Man' mixes comic strip technique and education

NEWEST, most promising venture in a decade of movie cartooning is a zestful, chipper film company called United Productions of America. Headed by a brain trust of ex-Disney artists, this bold band of cartooners this month is booking a new 16 mm. short, *The Brotherhood Of Man* which kids racial supremacy through two reels of gaiety.

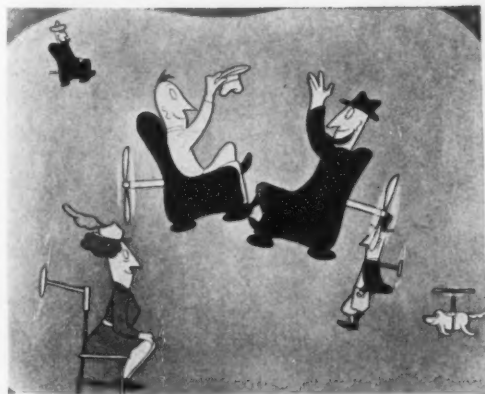
The \$40,000 flicker mixes mirth and learning in bringing to the screen the bookish *Races Of Mankind*, a pamphlet by Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish banned by the War Department because brass bowed to Dixie demagogues on Capitol Hill. It has been hailed by PM's John T. McManus as "a real lulu, as funny as Bugs Bunny and as urgent as the Atlantic Charter."

A happy-ending affair, UPA's biggest, most expensive production to date is concerned with the One World theme. It tells of one Common Man's experiences when he finds the world in his backyard. He is egged into a big brawl by his alter-ego Green Man

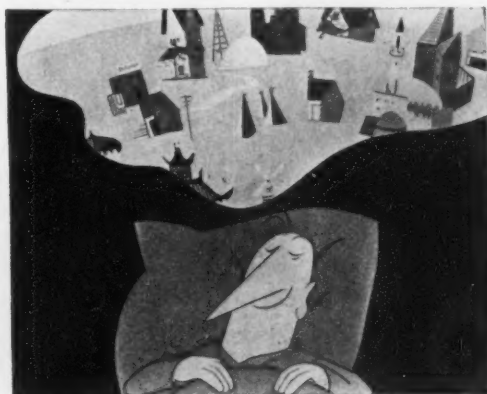
who makes him suspicious of folks of other colors. But the narrator comes to the rescue by reminding the different races about "this business of brotherhood." All concerned kiss and make up a la Hollywood—but for a much nobler purpose.

Priced at a reasonable \$75 for purchase by organizations, *Brotherhood Of Man* is the forerunner of a series of cartoons that are bound to pry more and more progressives out of their soft sofas at home and get them to attend union, veteran, race relations and PTA meetings, where in the past they have swallowed yawns during tedious "educationals."

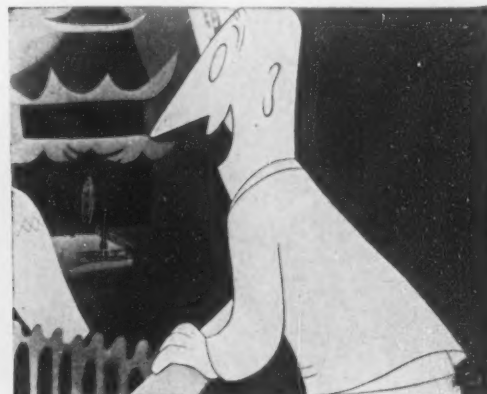
First post-war UPA 35 mm. project will be a series from the best-selling collection of funny letters, *Dear Sir*. But the biggest and most exciting item on the post-war agenda is a group of full-color sound movies commissioned by the State Department, educating citizens of the atomic age to membership in one world of interdependent nations.



1. DREAM SEQUENCE opens film with men of all countries casually flying surrealistic airplanes about a world made smaller by speed and mechanization. Henry, the Average White Man, tips his hat to a gentleman from another land as he flies by.



2. ONE WORLD dream makes Henry smile in his sleep as Narrator says: "One of these days we're going to wake up and find that people and places we just read about are practically in our own backyard." Tepees, igloos, windmills and mosques pop up.

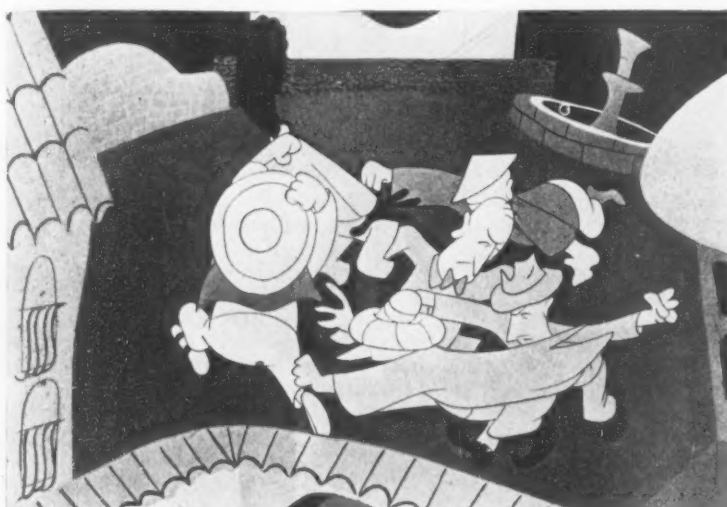


3. MORNING brings a dream come true. The new world is right in Henry's backyard. He looks out of his window, does a pleased double-take and rushes downstairs to welcome his new neighbors. He slips in front of an igloo, falls on a Chinese gong.

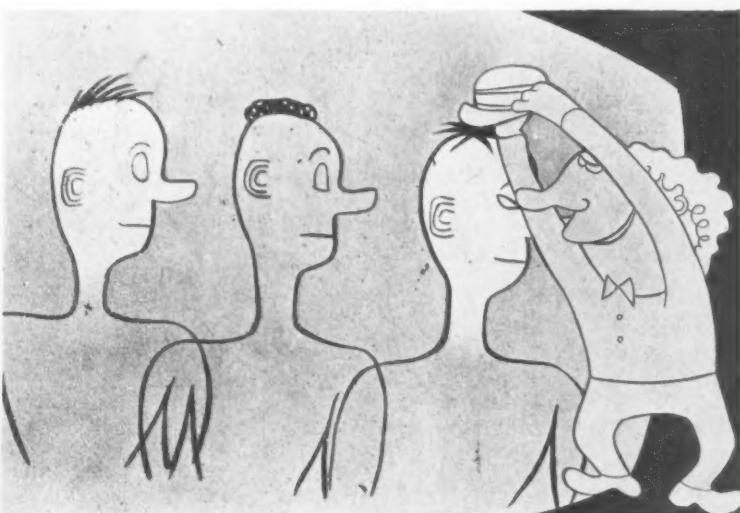
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4. **SHY BUT FRIENDLY**, neighbors are off to a good start. They look each other over and Henry, the back-slapping, politician-like kind, is hand-shaking with everyone. But even in first introduction fear of the unknown rises in each man, wrestles with desire for friendship even as Henry says, "The future of civilization depends on brotherhood."



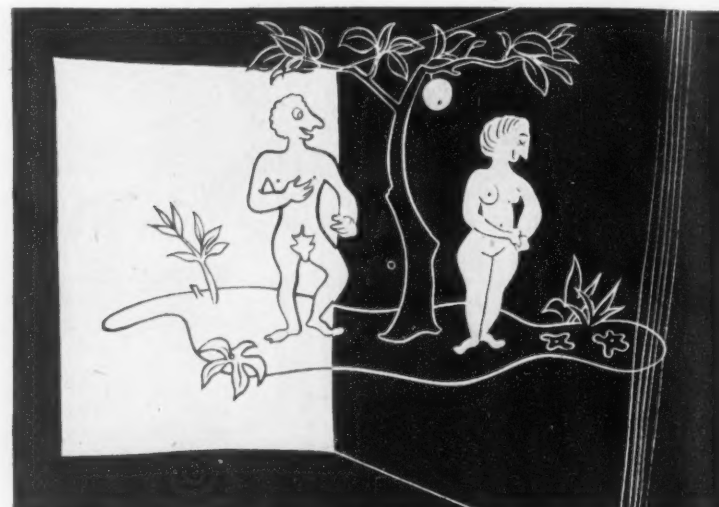
6. **GLOBAL CIVIL WAR** breaks out with Green Man prodding the combatants to punch it out. It's a wild, topsy-turvy battle which suddenly ends when the Narrator reminds them: "Wait a minute . . . what about this business of brotherhood?" Still holding each other by the neck, they reply: "But we're all different."



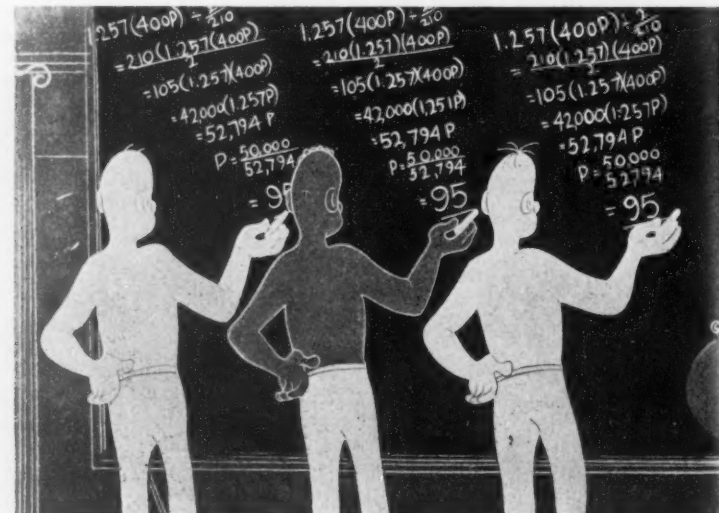
8. **BRAIN SIZE** isn't important, Narrator points out to answer Green Man's contentions that brains make men different. Theory is satirized by a hat which bounces from head to head, finally fits an imbecile who had the largest brain on record in history. Battlers look sheepish when they find Negro and white brain smaller than Eskimo.



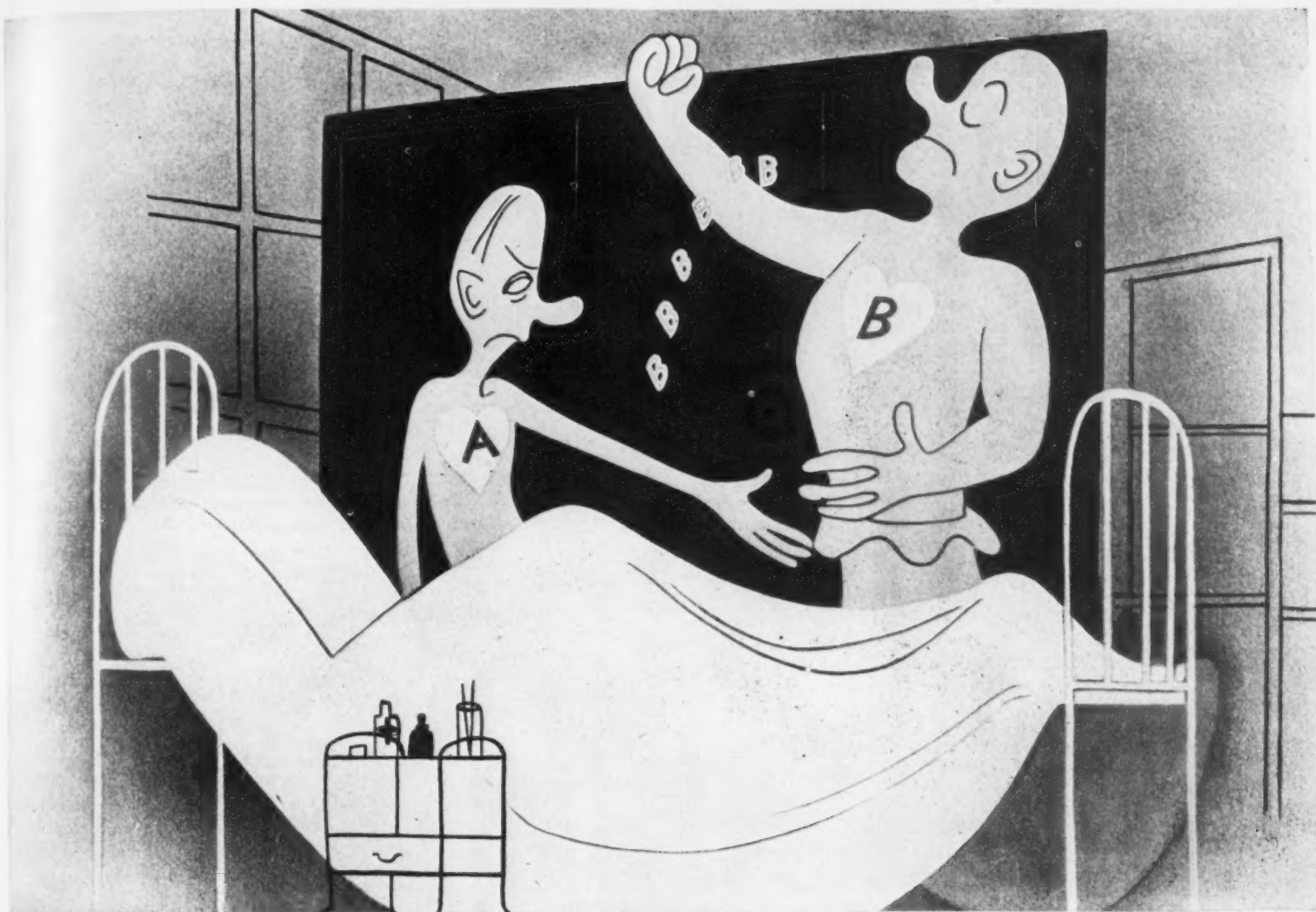
5. **GREEN MAN** (Henry's suspicious half) stops Henry midway in every handshake. And Green Men pop out of every race, Chinese, Negro, Mexican and Turk, to jeer: "You can't get along with these people—they're too different." They all become fearful, suspicious, ill at ease. A bump leads to a shove and before long they're all in a fighting mood.



7. **ADAM AND EVE** come back to life as Narrator calms belligerents with the facts of life: "The very first people on earth . . . lived close together and looked alike." Biblical ancestors fade away into a map showing the rise of three races of man (Caucasian, Mongolian, Negroid) as people settled in different climates.



9. **ABILITY TO LEARN** is not affected by race, the battlers learn. Each "average man" figures out complex math problem in same time. Says Narrator: "If you take their skins off, there is no way to tell them apart. The heart, liver, lungs, blood . . . everything's the same. It isn't the size of the brain that counts . . . it's what it can do."



10. BLOOD, WHAT ABOUT BLOOD? Blood's different, says Henry in a last desperate argument. Sure there are differences, replies the Narrator, but look what happens when a blood transfusion is given a sick man with type A blood by his brother, who has type B. Clogging and death result from mixing types, although they are brothers. (Only type O can be mixed with other three types). Narrator: "Brother or no brother, what he needs is type A. And the right blood donor for him could belong to any race, since the four blood types appear in all races."

BIRTH of United Productions of America came off two and a half years ago when three early-thirtyish artists walked out of the Walt Disney studios, where they had helped make films like *Bambi*. Out for union recognition and higher pay, the trio didn't return when the rest of the Screen Cartoonists Guild strikers at the Disney plant did. Instead Stephen Bosustow, Dave Hilberman and Zack Schwartz decided to cartoon on their own.

Fed up with Mickey Mousing and worried about the imitative rut into which they saw the animated cartoon industry settling, they were anxious to sink their teeth into a man-sized job and saw social pioneering as that job. Their first venture was the highly-successful *Hell Bent For Election*, a 1944 election short produced for the CIO United Auto Workers and seen by an estimated 10 million people in union halls, political clubs and at private parties.

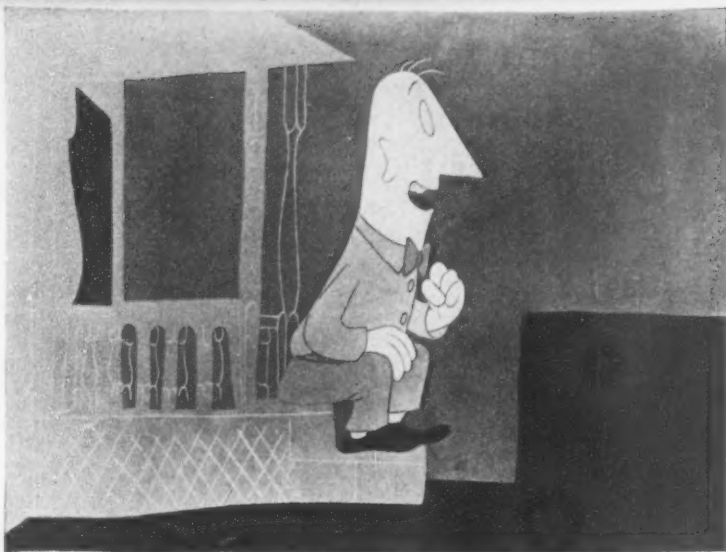
Today with 50 artists on the payroll—and all admit they could find fatter pay envelopes but not as much artistic satisfaction—they are plugging away in a small, crowded studio on Hollywood's famous Vine Street. Far from big-timers, they have already won reviews so lyrical that ex-boss Disney might well envy them, like Archer Winsten's in the *New York Post*:

"Not since the first Disney cartoons established new standards of humor, art and animation for the movie cartooning industry has anything as startling as these pictures and their makers come along."

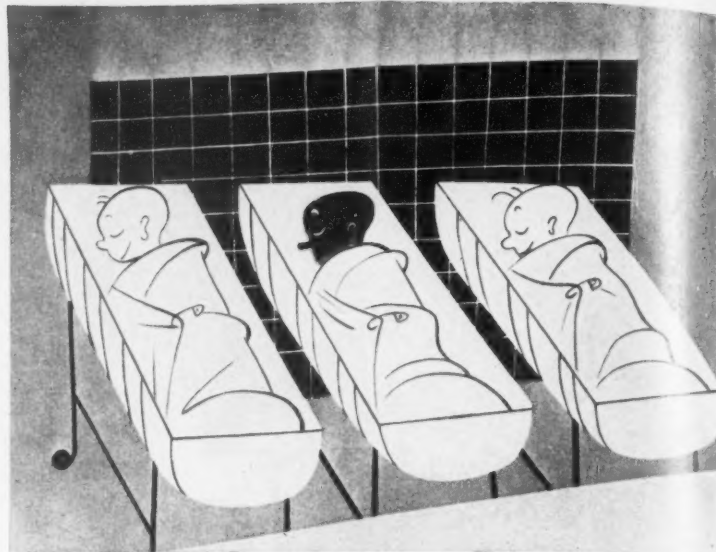


11. THREE DIFFERENT CIVILIZATIONS, all different colors, are pointed out to Henry by his Green Man, the Rankin half of him. "How come?" asks Henry. Differences are not inherited, but come from surroundings, replies Narrator. He demonstrates when Chinese and white mothers trade babies, who naturally grow up with the customs of their adopted land. *Brotherhood Of Man* kids whites, who were still cave men when darker-skinned African peoples had flourishing cultures.

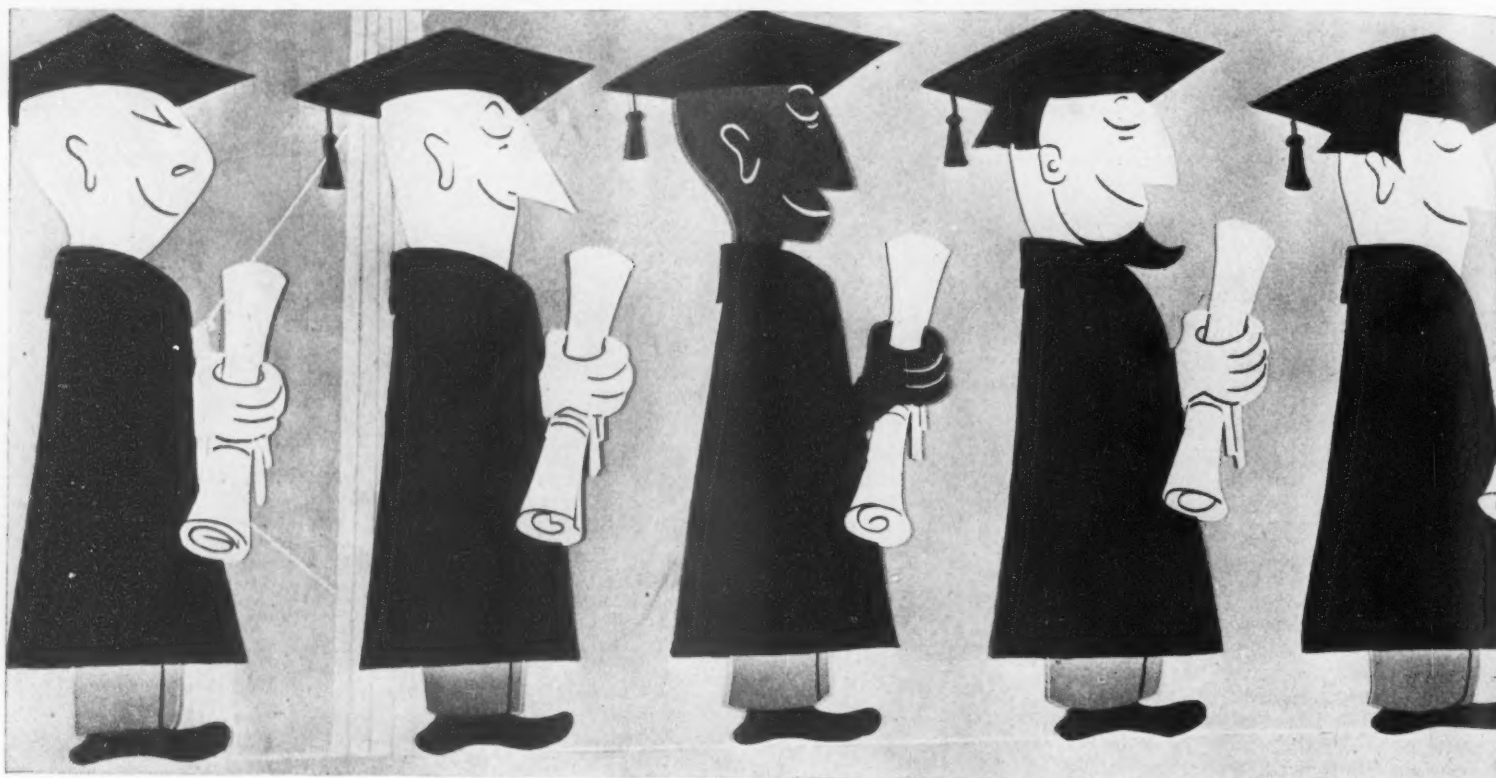
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12. **HENRY SEES THE LIGHT** at last, decides: "Now that we're living so close together we can get used to each other's ways and work together peacefully." Crowd cheers and claps. All shake hands.



13. **IDEAL WORLD** of all races and nations working together starts with its citizens getting equal and unsegregated health facilities, clothing and food from the day of their birth.



14. **EDUCATION** is available to all youth of all races in the utopia which *Brotherhood Of Man* says will come when the racists take a powder. All characters are stylized, bear only most prominent racial features.



15. **FULL AND FAIR EMPLOYMENT** is finale of *Brotherhood of Man*. College men fade into group of workers, all with lunch boxes. They march along uncertainly at first, then get into step, turn and march smilingly toward the audience.

A BLIND MAN GOES TO YALE

FOR A YOUTH who's been fighting two handicaps—being blind and being colored—for most of his years, plucky Earl Lawrence Carl has achieved more than most people do in a lifetime.

Only 27 and without sight ten of those years, the ambitious New Haven ex-war worker and student has overcome his handicaps with persevering courage and faith. The first blind student to enter and graduate from Fisk University, Carl is now a student at the Yale University law school and has set his sights on a career in politics.

His astounding ability to forget loss of his eyesight and adjust himself to a normal life is considered a model for soldiers who went blind in World War II. He has written a manual to aid families of blind soldiers. And his insistence that "I've had so much fun out of life" is a vivid demonstration that the blind in sight need not be blind in spirit.

Carl lost his eyesight when he suffered a serious injury in a high school football game. A cracked vertebra of the neck produced a partial paralysis which eventually brought on complete blindness.

His first reaction was a morale toboggan slide that touched the depths of bitterness and despair. Reminiscing, he says, "When I lost my sight, it was as though all of my hopes were dashed on the rocks. I felt like everything had been swept from under me and that life held no further attraction for me. For about a year I was completely lost and I lived in an atmosphere of utter gloom.

"Then one day a representative of the Connecticut School for the Blind called on me for the purpose of interesting me in a training course to restore my broken morale. At first I considered the visit an intrusion into my private affairs and I resented the suggestion. But later on I agreed to go to the school, and that decision was the beginning of brighter things for me."

At the school for the blind, Carl mastered Braille and completed his high school credits.

When he applied for admission to Fisk, he ran into a stumbling block. The Fisk officials had never before been asked to admit a blind student and they were dubious about shouldering the responsibility. Finally, they approved his application when they were convinced that he would not be a burden on the university. He became the first blind student to graduate, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

When he entered the school he was afraid that he might be considered some sort of freak and he wasn't sure just how he would be received by the student body. But he made friends quickly and became just another student. "The experience brought me the realization," he says, "that there is not too great a gulf between the sighted and the blind."

"Sometimes I think I might have been able to contribute more in the medical career I had originally planned for myself but now that that is no longer possible, I shall exert every effort to become a good lawyer."

AN ACCOMPLISHED BALLROOM DANCER, EARL GETS OUT TO SOCIALS OFTEN. HERE AT THE YALE LAW SCHOOL LOUNGE, HE ENJOYS A DANCE WITH MARJORIE O'CONNOR, A VISITING NURSE FROM NEW YORK.





SEEING-EYE SHEPHERD DOG DUNDEE takes over in guiding his master across a busy New Haven intersection. At Fisk where his marks were above average, he was assigned readers and guides to aid him in his studies as well as off-campus activities. During the war he worked for Selective Service and the State Board of Education for the Blind in planning guide courses for returned soldiers, blinded in the war.

GRADUATION from Fisk in 1942 gave Earl Carl the ambition to do post-graduate work and become a lawyer. But like many other youths, he found that he had to work his way through college.

Back in New Haven he got a job at the Winchester Repeating Arms Company gauging cartridges, which he soon mastered by touch instead of sight.

On October 22, 1945, Carl entered the Yale Law School as a preliminary to legal practice. Asked if he will confine his practice principally to his own race when he gets his sheepskin, Earl replies, "Not at all. You see, I don't think in terms of blacks and whites but rather in terms of humanity. If a person is in trouble and the knowledge I hope to acquire at law school can help that person, I'll be glad to serve in any way I can. On the other hand, though if my race as a group needs help, I'll certainly do all I can to give that help."

The passing years have broadened Earl Carl remarkably. No longer is he the inferiority-complexed youth that he was after his football accident. Today he is full of the zest of living and proud of his ability to instill enthusiasm into other people.

He has lectured extensively, particularly at the Tennessee Vocational School for Girls. Hosts of friends throughout the country make correspondence an important item on his agenda. Through "talking book" recordings, he keeps abreast of worthwhile literary classics. He attends the theatre, being especially keen on judging the merits of a new musical comedy score. On such occasions, the pictorial parts of the production are "visualized" for him by a young lady companion.

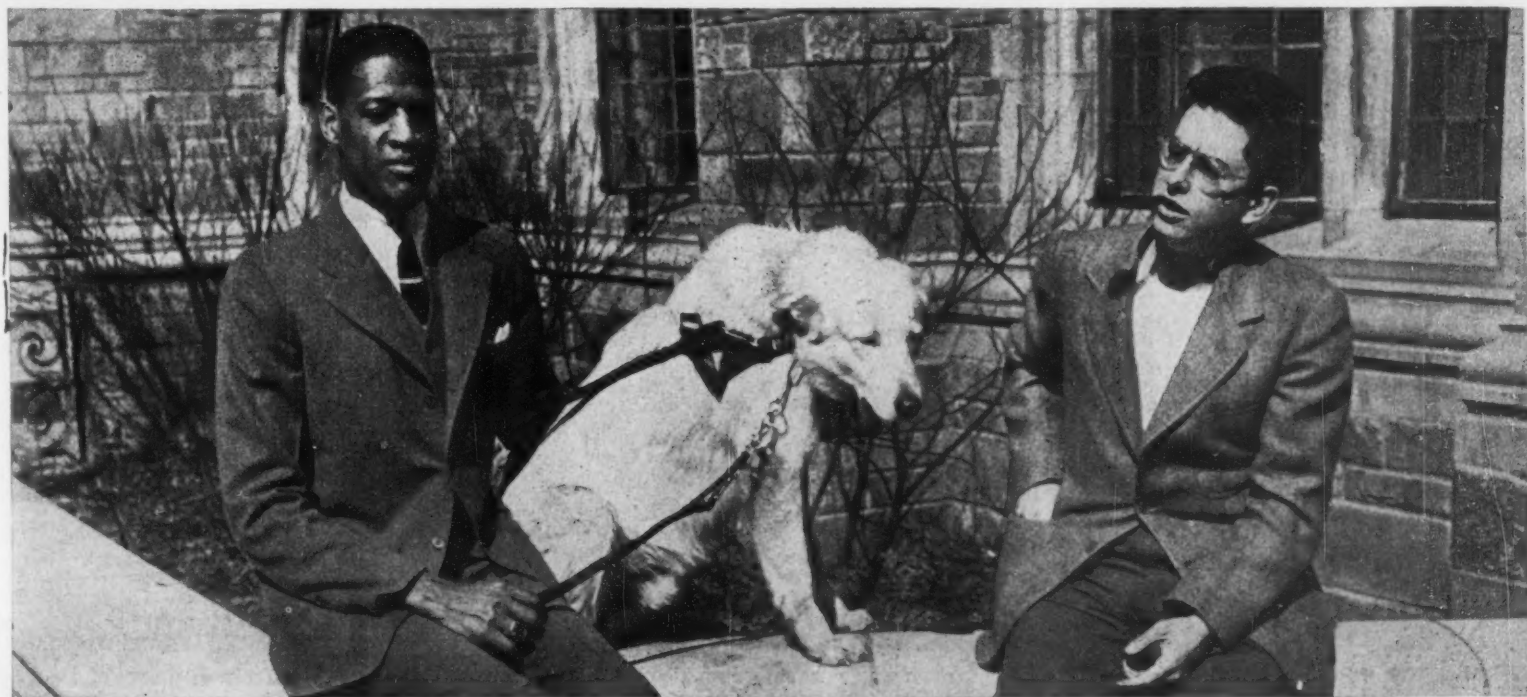
His philosophy, too, has undergone rugged readjustment. From the self-pity of his accident period, he has done an about-face that is expressed best in his own words: "I have dedicated my life to the happiness of others, and in that I feel that I can find my own."



GAUGING CARTRIDGES was Earl's job at Winchester Arms during the war. He performed the entire operation by touch.



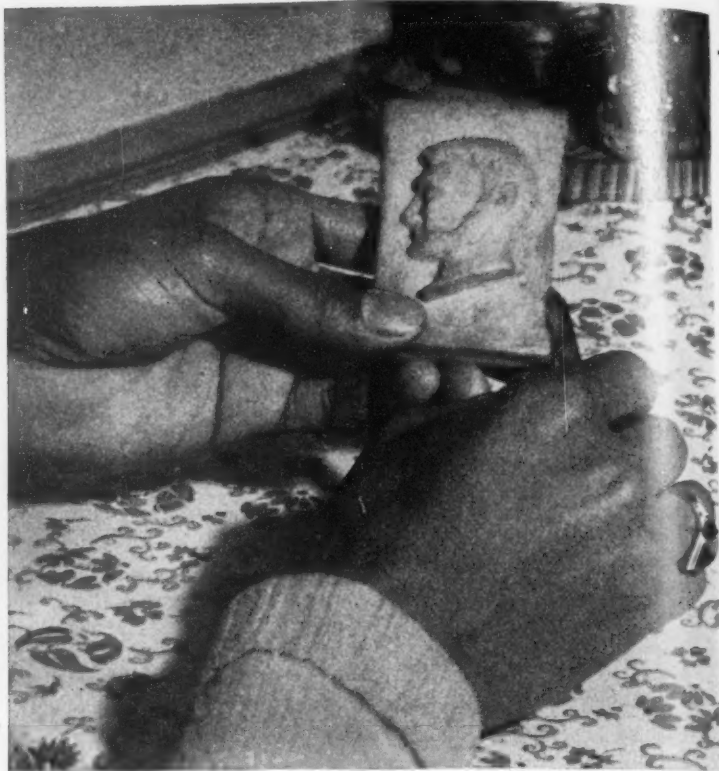
IN THE CLASSROOM at Yale Law School, Earl follows his instructor attentively, supplementing the lecture by referring to the Braille *Handbook of Criminal Law*. He has been elected to the legal fraternity of Corbey Court. Carl is a member of Alpha Phi Alpha.



AID IN BOOKWORK is given Earl by three of his classmates who read to him in relays. Here he relaxes between classes with Irving Stroh, who serves as his principal reader and assistant "seeing-eye" in getting around.



A CHECKERS CHAMP in his younger days, Earl now plays the game with a special board equipped with ridges to guide him in making his moves. He also plays cards with a specially marked deck.



SOAP SCULPTURE is a special hobby of Earl's. With a bar of soap and a penknife, he produced this striking head of Abraham Lincoln. An only child, Earl lives at home with his parents.

HE OVERCOMES TWO HANDICAPS

IN DISCUSSING the two handicaps of being blind and being colored Earl Carl says: "My major response to being blind is a feeling that I could do things so much better if only I could see. Another reaction is the fact that I am no longer impressed with physical or outward appearance but rather I go straight to the heart. Often physical appearances tend to add, detract from and confuse one's impression of the real person. Now I am no longer concerned with this

problem. In other words, my blindness has given me 'new sight,' a new set of values."

As to the "handicap" of being colored, he says: "I have never had any reason to consider being a Negro a handicap. I have never encountered any personal discrimination, consequently I don't feel that being colored has been a handicap. However, needless to say, I am definitely aware of the many discriminatory practices operating against my people and other minority groups."



ON THE VOX POP RADIO SHOW coast to coast, Earl clicked with the audience and got letters of commendation from all parts of the nation. He was selected as Winchester's representative worker to appear on the broadcast from the arms plant. Earl has a pleasing voice, which he lost for a time following his football accident but recovered later through chiropractic treatment. At Fisk Earl was in the university choir and made many radio broadcasts with them.

FILM PARADE



Till The End Of Time

A DARING sequence blasting racial prejudice is the climax of this new RKO Radio picture with Caleb Peterson, Jr., as a returned Negro GI. Peterson gets into a conversation with two white ex-Marines (Bill Mitchum and Guy Madison) over a pin-ball game. Before long three civilians who insist on preaching hatred of Negroes, Jews and Catholics square off with the ex-Leathernecks. Peterson will also be featured in the new Lena Horne movie *Till The Clouds Roll By*, plans a Fall tour of the South in *Othello* with a white actress playing Desdemona. In high school ten years ago, Peterson won first prize in a nationwide drama contest in Oklahoma City.



The Bride Wore Boots

FAMILIAR pop-eyed antics of slow-moving Willie Best are part of the proceedings of this horsey Paramount picture starring Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Cummings. Playing Joe the handy man, Willie picks winning jumper for his boss.



Lover Come Back

WITH 15 YEARS experience in Hollywood, veteran Louise Beavers is back in this new Universal film with Lucille Ball and George Brent. Here hotel clerk Franklyn Pangborn gets inside dope on divorce suit of Louise's boss. Louise, who plays a maid again, was once really a maid.



I Love A Bandleader

HIGHEST-EARNING Negro actor in Hollywood, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson is again on the screen in this Columbia production with band leader Phil Harris, who works with Rochester on the Jack Benny show.



Never Say Goodbye

GENIAL, warm-hearted "second mother" to little 7-year-old Patti Brady, Hattie McDaniel has a sympathetic role in this Warner Bros. film, doing her best to reunite Eleanor Parker and her estranged artist-husband Errol Flynn. Hattie is the youngster's nurse.



BRILLIANT NAACP LEGAL STAFF is headed by Thurgood Marshall, eloquent special counsel and winner of this year's Spingarn Medal. Other legal staff brains are (left to right) Robert Carter, Marian Perry, Franklin Williams, Constance Baker. Their recent loss is Virginia Island's gain; new V. I. Governor William H. Hastie was chairman of national legal committee. Admitting that legal victories in court are not the final panacea to solve the Negro problem they echo James Weldon Johnson, who said: "At the very least, they provide the ground upon which we may make a stand for our rights."

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THE NAACP

It stands unchallenged as No. 1 champion of full Negro freedom

MOST VIGILANT watchdog of Negro rights in all the world is the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, whose bark (it bullies bigots and commends crusaders with publicity) is actually less formidable than its bite (crack legal staff with a big backlog of Supreme Court victories).

Its 61-man national nerve center in New York guides 1,000 money-raising, color-sensitive branches all over the land. For 37 years America's biggest civil rights organization—white or Negro—has fought for the right of Negroes to live as free men.

NAACP is often spoken of by Southern whites as "a serious danger, organized from the North to stir up Negroes in the South against whites and to disrupt the social order." That is correct on two counts: the social order in the South makes NAACP more than a little ill, and NAACP was organized by whites.

Three white liberals started NAACP in response to Southern-born William Walling's editorial in *The Independent*, damning the Springfield race riots of 1908 and ending "Yet who realizes the seriousness of the situation, and what large and powerful body of citizens is ready to come to their aid?" Mary Ovington, Oswald Garrison Villard, and Dr. Henry Moskowitz ground out thunderously angry publicity in reply, and gathered on Lincoln's Birthday, 1909, the 50 Negro and white charter members who formed the nucleus of today's 520,000. Weary of the subservient, half-a-loaf tactics of the Booker T. Washington's, they followed W. E. B. DuBois in demanding "not a pittance, but full rights in the commonwealth."

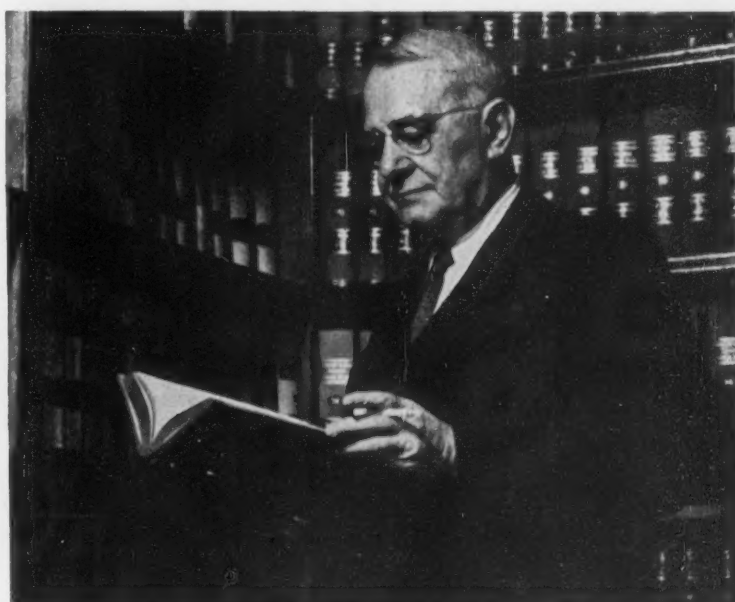
Today the NAACP is perhaps no longer the most militant organization fighting for first class citizenship for the Negro but even its worst enemies admit it is the most powerful and influential.



FIRST PAID EXECUTIVE was William Edward Burghardt DuBois, 78-year-old acknowledged dean of Negro leadership who organized the Niagara Movement in 1905 to battle the Booker T. gradualist philosophy and then brought membership into the NAACP with him when he joined in 1910. He edited *The Crisis*, NAACP organ, for 22 years. He left when wealthy white backers and the "higher income group of colored people" would not give him freedom in running magazine. In 1944 he returned as director of special research. Staff members tiptoe past his office, leave him undisturbed with his books.



ORIGINAL FOUNDER Mary White Ovington is still treasurer of NAACP's widely-collected funds, but poor health has sharply reduced her activities (four years in a Negro tenement, tours of the South to investigate health, housing and job opportunities). She is now finishing her autobiography, mostly about NAACP.

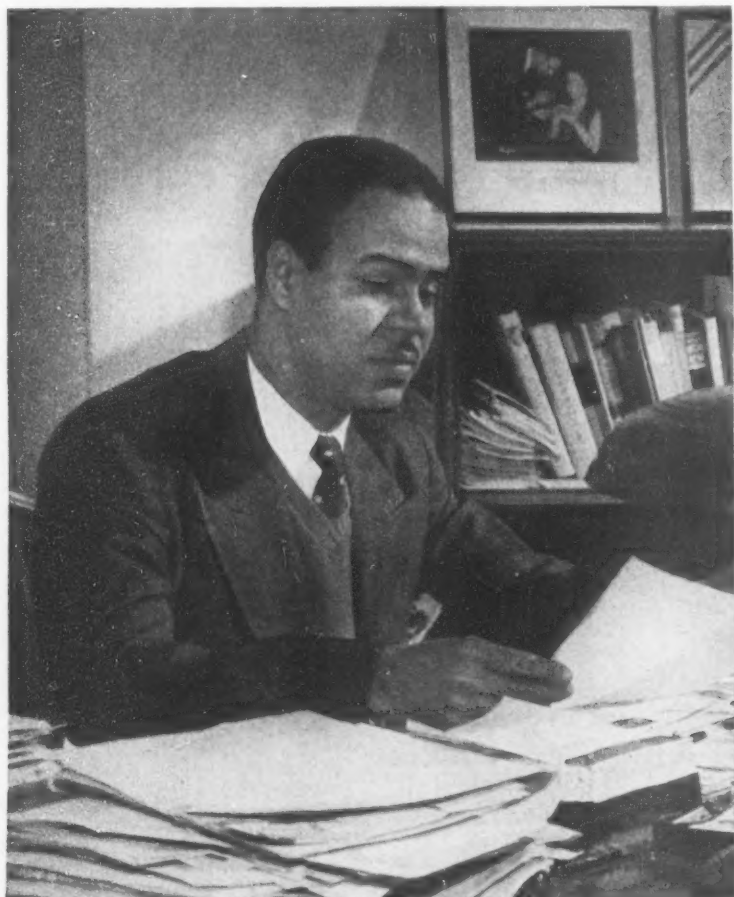


CURRENT PRESIDENT Arthur B. Spingarn was at the helm of the legal department during some great NAACP victories in years gone by. A quiet and retiring bibliophile, his pride is his collection of rare books about Negroes, a library reputedly second only to the Schomburg Collection.

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RARE DAY in his office is spent by No. 1 man in NAACP, Walter White, directing his interracial secretarial staff, Ruth Weatherhead and Edna Wason. His duties include lectures, issuing press statements on Negro rights. He writes prodigiously, does a weekly column for the Chicago Defender and has been a war correspondent for the New York Post. He has five books to his credit.



EDITOR of The Crisis since 1934 has been sleek, assertive, efficient Roy Wilkins, who was managing editor of the Kansas City Call until joining NAACP in 1931. He is top aide of Walter White.

TO MANY white and Negro followers of the organization, executive secretary Walter White's name is so firmly entrenched that it is a synonym for NAACP. They see in him a mild-looking, gregarious, fair-haired crusader who runs up astronomical mileage in his pursuit of his varied duties.

White is the acknowledged No. 1 man in the NAACP and runs the national office pretty much as he desires. But he is not without foes in his own office. Some "insiders" on his staff and on the board of directors feel that the NAACP could accomplish much more if department heads had more leeway and more say-so in their work. In some branches complaints have been voiced against "lack of democracy" in the NAACP, with direction coming from the top down instead of bottom up.

On NAACP policy, even some of Walter White's best friends disagreed with him and could not keep silent when he fought the inter-racializing of Sydenham Hospital.

But White's enemies (and some of them are valuable and in high places) concede his amazing ability as an efficient executive, his personal charm which he does not hesitate to use in behalf of the Negro's cause and his spell-binding qualities as an orator. White has the overwhelming support of the NAACP membership and can well make good on his friend's claims that he more than any other man represents the voice of Negro America.

Named for Lowell's famous poem-hymn beginning "once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide" is the thin, 15-cent monthly Crisis. Solid and informative but rarely inspired, even the innovation of a pretty cover-girl has not succeeded in restoring its circulation to the 100,000 high hit when Dubois wrote his famous dispatches on the treatment of Negroes in the AEF in World War I. It is up to 59,000 today. Crisis breaks even in good years, loses in bad.

NAACP's own press service sends out releases which often reach white papers, impresses many politicians eager for "the Negro vote." Sociologist Gunnar Myrdal calls their lobbying "successful bluffing," admires combination of militancy and authenticity in NAACP publicity.

Though its tactics and strategy have been under fire many times for failing fully to mobilize the Negro as a pressure group, for keeping hands off politics as a weapon to win freedom, the NAACP's valor and victories in battle are unquestioned.

It is today undisputed as the foremost champion of the Negro people's upward march to status as full, unfettered Americans.



STEREOTYPE MOVIES like *Dark Alibi*, which casts Mantan Moreland in superstitious "Yassuh-massah-cap'n-boss" role complete with skeleton, would be discontinued if new NAACP Hollywood bureau gets firmly established. Plan was opposed by stars who find eye-rolling and crapshooting lucrative.



RESTAURANT SEGREGATION is battled mainly by 200 NAACP youth groups, many of them interracial, who direct their militancy against Jim Crow movies, swimming pools, skating rinks. The Howard University chapter was successful in getting a D. C. restaurant open to Negroes.

BRANCHES ARE HEART OF ITS BATTLE AGAINST JIM CROW

MEMBERSHIP in NAACP branches takes ice cream-cone shape, with many of its members in the silk-stocking class, not enough among labor. However, the base is broadening.

Big economic victories like the California decision that Negroes must be admitted to Jim Crow unions have brought more workers into the ever-expanding ranks. Two AFL longshoremen's unions hold life memberships, and union officials head some branches.

Almost completely dependent upon its members for funds, the association actually could not pay even a third of its clerical staff with the "gifts from wealthy philanthropists" it is generally thought to receive. Total income last year exceeded \$400,000, some \$395,000 from members and branches. According to its constitution, NAACP policy is formed by the members, who elect directors by mailed ballot and shape program at yearly conferences. Board, however, retains reins in shaping policy and has enough say-so always to win confirmation at annual parley.

Its thousand branches have 520,000 members, of which a tenth are white. While this represents only 4 per cent of the Negro population, the NAACP presumably speaks for many more who have not the dollar-a-year dues or the inclination to join.

Although the South has many branches, some are only fundraisers, whose members join because it is the gesture toward racial responsibility expected from the relatively wealthy. Gunnar Myrdal in *An American Dilemma* tells how he heard a NAACP head admit that his town also had a League for Civic Improvement, whose aims were similar to those of the NAACP. This duplication puzzled the Swedish economist, who was told, "The NAACP stands firm on its principles and our rights as American citizens.

But it accomplishes little or nothing in this town, and arouses a good deal of anger in the whites." On the other hand, the local League, by Uncle Tom tactics, often wheedled favors from the whites. Myrdal asked to know who the head of the league was. "I am" replied the NAACP president. "We are all the same people in both organizations."

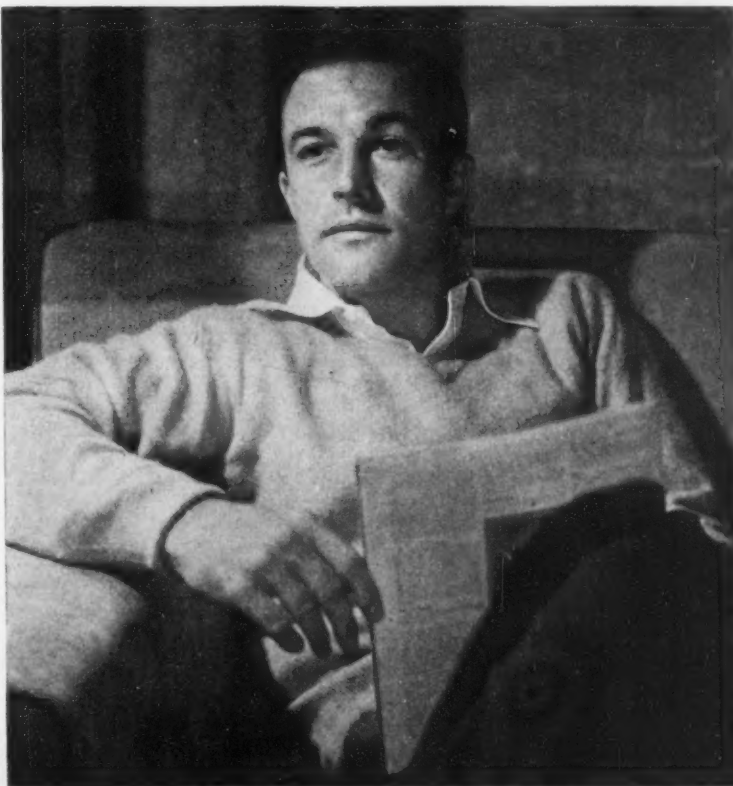
Busy Branch Secretary Ella J. Baker, recently ran leadership training conferences in five states. But they were not sufficient to guide and stimulate all the timid or sluggish chapters; in the opinion of many NAACP directors, more regional offices are

needed. But, recalling the battle they had to get even the West Coast office established, they say that smooth decentralization is not the current NAACP trend. Nevertheless, a midwestern and perhaps a southern office are projected for 1946.

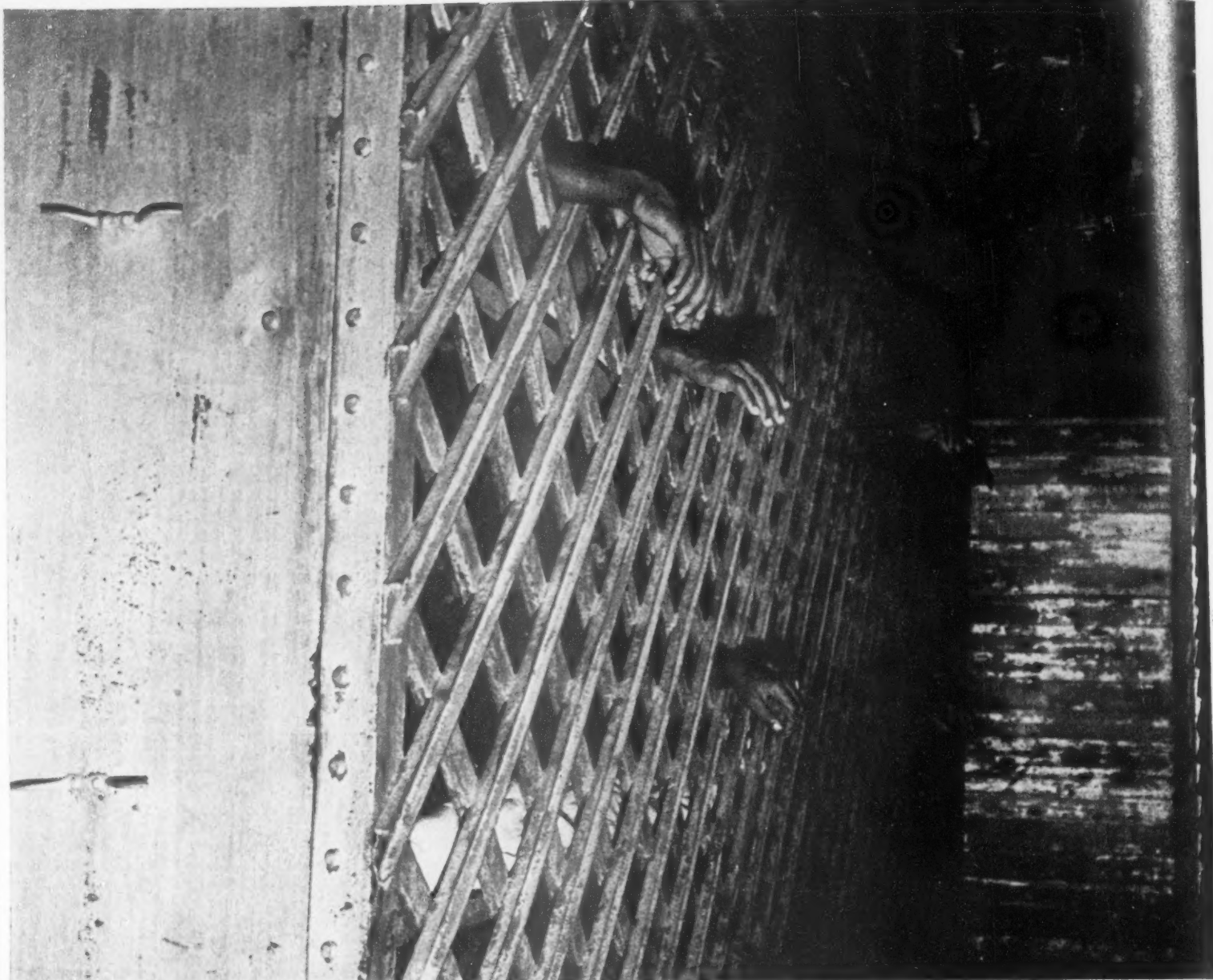
Typifying the action of a big, active branch is the Washington, D. C. fight against the sudden segregation of Negroes and whites who have been playing tennis and holding picnics in public parks together for several years. Sixty-five organizations have joined to fight the order, which would keep mixed labor unions, study groups, dramatic units from using schools, parks or playgrounds for recreation.

Guests in April at the dedication of the Negro-supervised Rose Park fieldhouse noted that of the 42 players on the courts, only six were colored. It had been that way for some time. In Georgetown, once all-Negro and now invaded by exclusive whites who remodeled colonial homes, glamour-hooper Gene Kelly liked his mixed doubles, too. For weeks he and young Negroes and whites played tennis, became good friends. Then the board of recreation made the Negro caretaker throw the whites off the courts, announced that hereafter they were for Negroes only. Kelly said he would play anyway, "and if any police care to stop me I would be most anxious to know on what grounds." Unfortunately, Navy duties took him out of Washington after that, and matters never came to a showdown. Said Kelly, "At the time I never felt like a protagonist or a champion of anything or anyone. . . ." but, "being told who my friends might or might not be, I strongly believe, usurps the idea of democracy. If we're going to beat this thing I think that a good place to start would be the athletic fields and playgrounds of the nation."

NAACP, backed by the Department of the Interior, insists that parks belong to all colors.



MOVIE STAR GENE KELLY tasted segregation on D. C. tennis courts when interracial matches were suddenly forbidden. NAACP is fighting case, insisting on end of Jim Crow.



AMERICA'S DARK-SKINNED PRISONERS, many of whom are serving time to save a white man's face, look to the NAACP for justice. Here in a convict camp in Greene County, Georgia, are the kind of conditions NAACP has been battling for 37 years.

NAACP WINS 21 OF 23 CASES TAKEN BEFORE U. S. SUPREME COURT

"WHAT is this organization fighting for?" once demanded witch-hunting investigators from the Department of Justice, made uneasy by Crisis attacks on treatment of Negro soldiers. W. E. B. DuBois' terse reply: "We are fighting for the enforcement of the Constitution of the United States."

The 23 cases which NAACP has pushed into the highest court of the land fall into these categories:

- Right to register and vote, 2
- White primaries, 3
- City ordinances forbidding Negroes to own property in white areas, 3
- Private restrictive covenants, 2
- Equal protection before the law and guarantee of a fair trial, 12
- Right of all citizens to equal education, 1

Two cases were lost. A restrictive covenant case was decided against NAACP in 1926. A second defeat came in 1944 when the Supreme Court failed to free W. D. Lyons, whose two confessions were preceded by an eight-hour beating and by the placing of the bones of his alleged murder victim upon his face and hands.

It took the NAACP 31 years to get a

decision on primary votes which Texas couldn't wriggle out of. Effects of what the Crisis calls "the most momentous decision on the citizenship of Negroes since the Emancipation Proclamation" have been seen this year as Negroes in many states voted in all local elections.

The legal staff counts as the association's greatest criminal case Moore vs. Dempsey, which nixed any verdicts delivered in courts dominated by mob sentiment. Thus an interracial staff secured the release of 79 prisoners in Elaine, Arkansas, at a cost of four years and \$15,000.

Although reports of police brutality, even toward Negro children, still come from all over the U. S., a string of NAACP victories have established that third degree confessions are just so much paper, and that "the rack and torture chamber may not be substituted for the witness stand."

Currently concerned with the many blue- and dishonorable-discharge Negro vets, the NAACP has made former soldier Jesse O. Dedmon secretary of veteran's affairs, numbers ex-GIs Robert Carter and Franklin Williams on its legal staff.

Back 37 years ago word of a lynching

reached the fledgeling NAACP every four days. Fired with enthusiasm and righteous wrath, they started their longest and most dramatic campaign. While no anti-lynch law has yet been passed, they have spread America's shame over all the countries of the world. They picketed in London, had White's anti-lynching novel *The Fire and the Flint* translated into French, Norwegian, Japanese, Spanish and Russian. Publications in Prague, Sydney and Buenos Aires pointed at America's running sore. Most spectacular and memorable was the silent protest parade of 15,000 down New York's Fifth Avenue. NAACP is proud that no paper or official will defend lynching today.

Only one lynching was reported last year and the NAACP, with a nod to posterity, takes credit.

The association now holds two floors of the beautiful Wendell Willkie Building, across 40th Street from the New York Public Library. One of the few places in the world to rent space upon an ideological basis, the Willkie Building houses only those organizations which are working toward the goals in which its namesake believed. First to be invited in was the NAACP.



SCHOOL CONTRASTS like the above in Jackson, Mississippi, are a target of NAACP campaign for equal education. Modern, attractive school for white children (left) is provided by richest county in Mississippi, but colored kids go to the shack on eroded hillside where dust blows through broken windows. Whites in Jackson get nine times the money spent on Negro schools.

PUBLIC EDUCATION is half the NAACP's mission; the other 50 per cent is devoted to battling in court. So closely do they work together that the emphasis on education has slipped more and more of late into the lawyers' territory.

More than a million dollars has been put into the pockets of Negro schoolmarm in 15 states, thanks to the efforts of NAACP to equalize Dixie pay. Biggest victory of all was Norfolk decision secured from U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, which has influenced some boards of education to give in without a murmur, paying equal wages to all races merely upon the receipt of petitions.

In the news again in Texas and Oklahoma is the 1938 Lloyd Gaines case, in which a youth decided he wanted to study law in his home state of Missouri, and was refused admission to the all-white state university because of his color. The judges scared the state into supplying a Negro law school for Negroes, (which subsequently closed for the lack of funds) and all over the South educators wondered how to keep the "cullud

folks' children" happy in Jim Crow schools which offered no graduate work.

Some solved the problem by paying the extra cost of sending students to out-of-state universities, but apparently the war has made young people a bit weary of travel. Marion Sweatt, for instance, insists on studying law in Texas, where he lives and worked as a mailman. Prairie View, the local Negro college, has all it can do now to get along on its yearly appropriation of \$425,000 without creating the authorized but unpaid-for law department. If Sweatt doesn't get started on Blackstone quickly, the NAACP is going to take the case upstairs, for their 23rd official visit.

Miss Ada Sipuel will find herself in Washington soon, too. Also hungry for law books, she was refused admittance to the University of Oklahoma after graduation from unaccredited, Jim Crow Langston University.

If the pattern of segregated schools persists, the next task is to prove the obvious in court: that segregated schools are always

inferior in equipment, buildings, curricula, per capita expenditure and teachers' salaries.

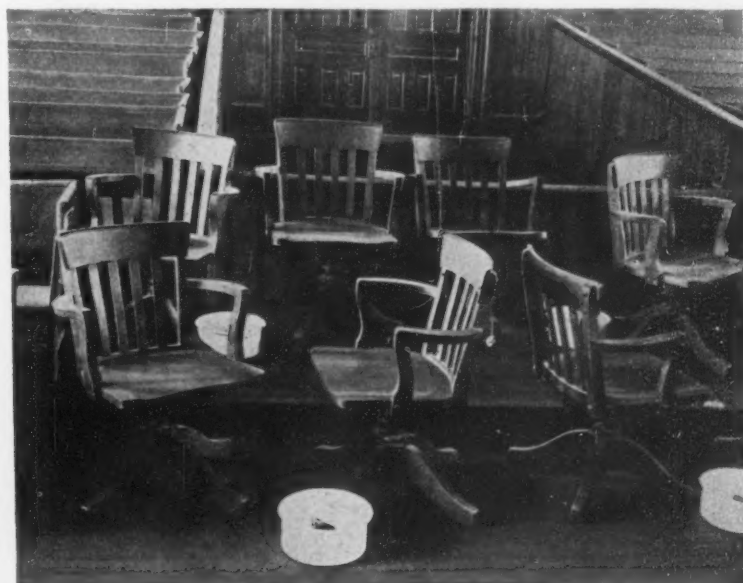
The NAACP's faint hope is that white schools, realizing that segregation is nationally harmful, provedly unreasonable and legally hopeless, will voluntarily open their schools.

Youth groups, under Ruby Hurley's guidance, also stress education. They have drawn increasing numbers of white students. Chapters at Syracuse and Antioch are mostly white; Skidmore College has only one Negro member, works to interest more Negro sub-freshmen in Skidmore.

Oddly enough, a textbook company sheltered the NAACP in 1922, until the Southern bookbuyers found out that venerable Ginn and Co. rented space to the hated "social equality" organization which was then objecting so loudly to the blood on their magnolia trees. Orders from Dixie dropped so quickly that the landlords regretfully asked their tenants to move, paid a substantial hunk of the moving expenses as a going-away present.



JIM CROW DINING CARS in interstate travel, which force Negroes to eat in curtained-off space, has been walloped by NAACP before Supreme Court, which declared unconstitutional state laws which call for segregation on vehicles passing through the state. Thurgood Marshall filed the plea in the case of Irene Morgan, who refused to change her seat on a bus trip from Virginia and Maryland, and was fined \$10.



DIXIE JURY BOXES, like this becuspidored affair in Franklin, Georgia, have been revolutionized in three NAACP Supreme Court wins which established that lily-white jury verdicts will not stand up in court. That principle was first established in a non-NAACP case, the Scottsboro trial, and NAACP has battered away with this weapon ever since, may use it in the coming Columbia, Tennessee riot cases.

CAN THE NEGRO TRUST HIS WHITE FRIENDS?

IN THE sumptuous Fifth Avenue apartment in New York where the late Wendell Willkie lived for 15 years, two huge African drums stand in the hall as a mute memento of the great man's concept of a world where every man of every race would live in peace and prosperity.

Even though every dog that comes to the house insists on sitting next to the drums and howling at them, Mrs. Wendell Willkie refuses to move the strange gift that came to her from the Dark Continent after her husband died. For the signal drums from Africa, though sombre and silent far from the untracked jungles and boundless veldt, boom out today the most important words the earth has heard in the past decade—One World. They are a symbol of a heritage that Willkie willed the world—a legacy that can once and for all bring the brotherhood that another great man left behind on a cross at Golgotha.

The skin drums are a token of heart-felt admiration for a fearless, far-seeing American by 150 million black men thousands of miles away. Most of them never heard Willkie's name but knew instinctively what he was saying when he proclaimed: "We must establish beyond any doubt the equality of man." No less than the foot-high letters that spell out that message of hope in the lobby of the Wendell Willkie Memorial Building in New York, the drums from Africa pay homage to the spirit of Wendell Willkie.

Dramatized in Alexander Alland's meaningful photograph on the opposite page, Willkie's words may be cold on a wall but they throb with life among oppressed minority peoples everywhere.

Words Versus a White Hood

WILLKIE is gone but his spirit lives on today in the growing army of white Americans, big men and little men, who are taking their stand as modern Abolitionists in the battle for racial equality not only under the law but in the hearts of men.

The 13 million Negro Americans who recognized in Wendell Willkie a champion among champions are finding more and more courageous white crusaders who are carrying the torch of democracy into the dark corners of the land. They can at last see the pale dawn of a new era when Americans will 170 years after its proclamation make genuine the tenets of a charter of liberty which declared that all men are created equal.

Today that dawn is still a promise for tomorrow.

But world citizens of the stature of Willkie have assured equality tomorrow as certainly as the staunch Abolitionists of yesterday, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, doomed the institution of slavery. One hundred years ago these two valiant white Americans were in the midst of a historic struggle to prove that words were mightier than an overseer's lash or a ball and chain.

Today it is words versus a white hood, a tax on a ballot box.

And out of the mouths of white Americans in the last year have come searing, startling, sensational words that are blockbusters in the war on race hate. Today in the significant battle for democracy being waged with fury on the color line, some of the best soldiers on the side of the Negro are white.

It is no accident or coincidence that whites should be in the front ranks of this democratic war for the black man.

Democracy would die if Willkie were not joined by other prominent Americans like Eleanor Roosevelt, Harold Ickes, Henry Wallace, Frank Sinatra and Marshall Field in challenging the detours and deviations from the doctrine that equality of all men has top priority as the unfinished business of America. For white men are responsible for the lack and laxness in making democracy work, and the Negro's integration into American life has become primarily a white problem.

Two Brands of Liberals

IT IS GOOD that outstanding white leaders have seen and accepted that responsibility in good faith—even if in varying degrees.

There is all the difference in the world between the progressives of the Wallace school who are ready, willing and able to go all the way in fighting for Negro rights and the Southern liberals of the Mark Ethridge brand who still believe that "separate" can be "equal." But in their own way and in their own place, both are keys to cracking the ramparts of hate.

By his own method, in his own backyard of Kentucky, Mark Ethridge even with his gradualist theory is doing much to break the back of racism. For Ethridge in his conscience-stricken struggle against the prostitution of democracy in the South has rushed in where less valiant men fear to tread. He has tilted with the Crumps and Bilbos in a land where to utter a word against Jim Crow is the highest treason. He has proven a radical where reaction is king.

And though out-of-step and outdated in the North, Ethridge has found among his tried and true backers millions of Southern

Negroes who see in his thinking salvation from the curse of KKKism.

For the century-old struggle between North and South goes on relentlessly among Negroes as well as whites.

Little wonder then that John Temple Graves with his insistence on an equal break for the Negro but always in a segregated status is a hero to the Birmingham Negro readers of his daily column but a heel to Negroes in Harlem. And while Virginius Dabney and his Richmond Times-Dispatch editorials lambasting the poll tax are the acme of liberalism to Virginia Negroes, his go-slow doctrine is labeled anti-Negro on South Parkway in Chicago.

Hate by the Black Man

IN THE world of white friends of the Negro, there is elbow room for every variety of political faith from Dixie Democrats to Communist. To turn out, to reject any of these supporters would be an unfortunate error for the Negro.

Negro America as a minority people needs every well-wisher.

For the Negro can never win first class citizenship as an isolationist, as a nationalist.

Negroes cannot live alone, cannot fight alone.

Their strength and hope is in allies—in white allies.

Unfortunately too many Negroes bristling with the rancor and bitterness that rises out of fear, insecurity, oppression see in every white man an enemy. To be white makes a man a detested foe in the eyes of many Negroes.

For most Negroes, white folks fall into two breeds:

- Those they hate a lot.
- Those they hate a little.

Hate of the white man has been branded into the hearts of the Negro ever since the day in 1619 when the first slaves were landed on a beach in Virginia. Hate has been seared indelibly into the hide of every black American with a rope and faggot.

It would be a miracle of race relations if Negroes didn't hate whites. No man kisses the boot that kicks him nor the fist that pummels him. And Negroes would be less than human if they in their righteous anger against their persecution over three centuries in America did not detest everything white. Not all the Bibles ever printed, nor all the sermons ever preached across this land could change that hate to love.

But yet hate by the black man no less than by the white man is the greatest bar to the end of insidious racism in America.

For hate of the white man has made Negroes forsake some of their best friends.

By judging their fellow men on their color rather than their character, Negroes have fallen into the very same pattern, are guilty of the very same crime for which Negro America has lambasted whites.

Allies in Good Faith

WITH AMERICA daily learning new lessons in interracial living and recognizing the inconsistencies of Jim Crow in One World, new epochal developments in race relations are in the making... if Negro America will accept its white allies in good faith and work with them not only for a better America for both races but a better world for all races.

For the Negro problem does not exist in a vacuum. It is today woven into the fabric of every progressive cause in the nation. It is part of the economic and political problems that face the total population. And unless the Negro sees himself in that complete picture, puts himself in the front ranks of the broad mass movements in labor and politics, he cannot but be hopelessly lost in the chaos and confusion that mark these times.

He must recognize the stupidity of hate, whether it is white for black or black for white. He must learn that black is not always right, that white is not always wrong.

From a purely selfish point of view, Negroes must embrace their white allies as genuine, sincere friends to be trusted implicitly on the basis of their everyday actions in the battle for progress. The cause rather than the color must be the criterion in judging fellow fighters for freedom.

There is an essential goodness about white Americans despite all the terrible evils against the Negro that have been perpetrated by some whites. In that sense of justice and fair play, Negroes must trust for without it the Negro's aspirations are doomed.

It is not always easy. Hate of a necessity engenders hate.

But so does love reciprocate with love.

By winning white friends and influencing them to see the folly of hate, by judging Americans on their deeds rather than their complexion, by working hand in hand towards an America for all of the people rather than just some of the richest people, Negroes can take their rightful place as first class Americans with all the rights and privileges thereby due them.

WE MUST ESTABLISH
BEYOND ANY DOUBT
THE
EQUALITY
OF MAN.

Margaret Keiser





HOME of Supreme Liberty Life Insurance Company is this big two-story structure at South Parkway and 35th Street in Chicago. Building was purchased for \$250,000 from a bank. Second floor offices are rented to doctors and lawyers, also houses Associated Negro Press. Supreme today maintains 44 branch offices in 12 states throughout the North.

BIGGEST NORTHERN BUSINESS

BIGGEST BUSINESS owned and operated by Negroes above the Mason and Dixon Line is the \$5,000,000 Supreme Liberty Life Insurance Company, which this month marks its 25th year of operation.

As an example of ingenuity and acumen in a field in which Negroes are relatively new, Supreme Liberty is spectacularly outstanding but deliberately conservative. Supreme officials shy away from injudicious use of startling adjectives like "phenomenal" and "meteoric" in describing their growth. They like the term "moderate."

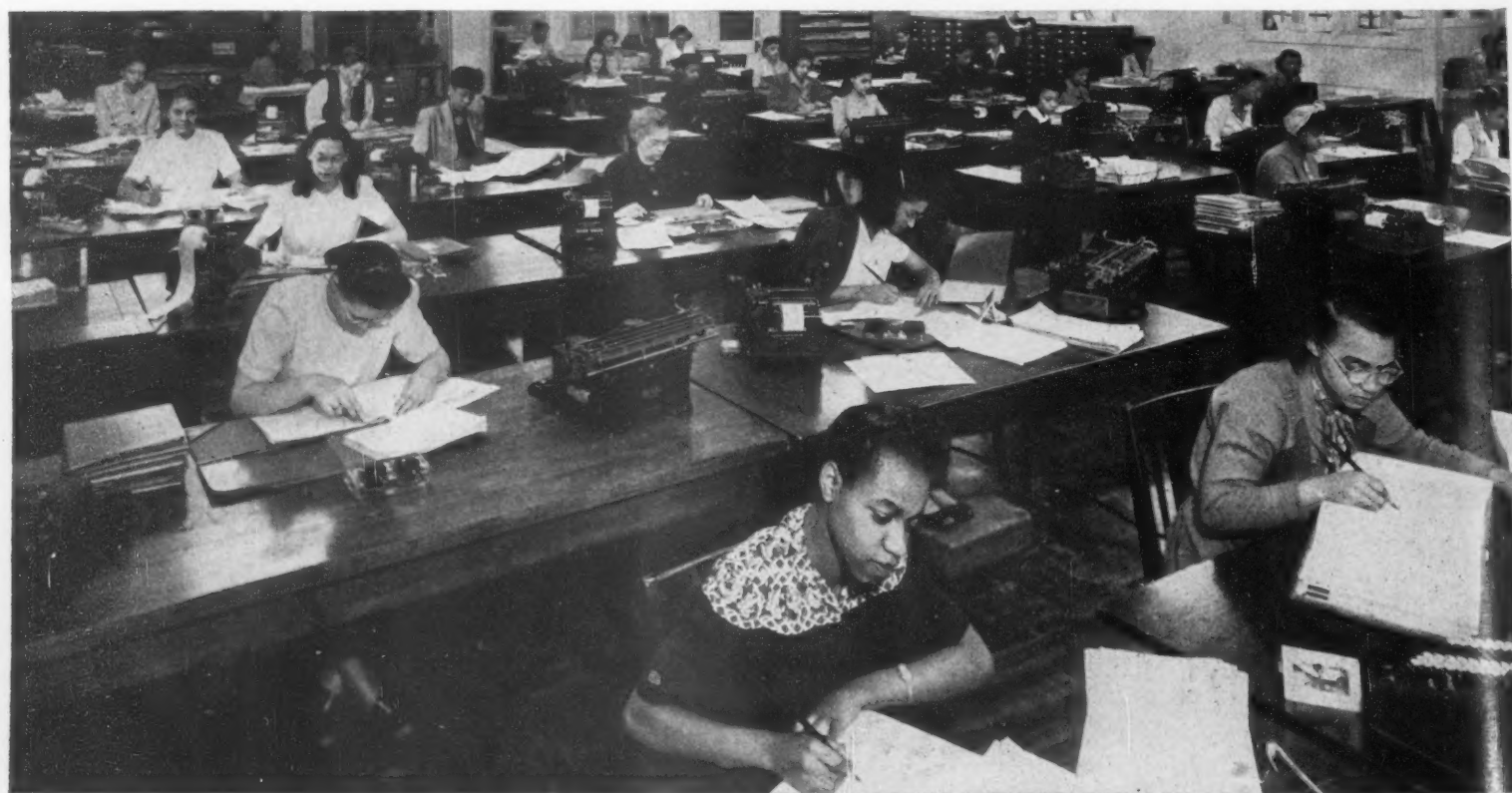
Such reticence, however, cannot conceal an expansion that has been both dramatic and swift. With current assets at the \$5,542,029 mark, total insurance policies in force are easing up close to \$100,000,000.

Supreme has succeeded over the years in build-

ing a strong, solid enterprise in a field where the high mortality rate among Negroes has long been a bugbear to insurance actuaries. Many white firms still refuse Negroes certain types of policies, not only because of discrimination, but because the average age of a Negro is only 53 compared to 65 for whites. Supreme, like other Negro companies, has taken advantage of white default to provide Negroes with insurance but without undue risk. By careful screening, Supreme has eliminated the danger of excessive losses.

Last year the company paid out more in death claims and matured endowment policies than in any previous year: \$459,793. This included \$90,000 paid to beneficiaries of soldiers who died in service.

But the company made more than in other years also: \$800,000. The net profit in 1946 is expected to top a million.



SPACIOUS, MODERN OFFICES handle records of 306,175 policy holders with total insurance of \$89,770,604. Some 120 Negro men and women work in Chicago office. Entire staff is over 700 employees, whose pay roll last year was \$934,000. Agency activity has more than doubled since 1929 merger of three companies to form Supreme Liberty. Then there were 250 agents; today there are more than 500.



PRESIDENT Truman Kella Gibson has presided over Supreme Liberty's affairs since the death in 1943 of first president, Harry H. Pace. Gibson is 62, Harvard-educated and worked on a newspaper before going into insurance. In 1931 he won a Harmon Foundation award for organizing merger of Negro companies into Supreme Liberty. He is father of Truman K. Gibson, Jr., who was civilian aide to the Secretary of War during World War II.



LEGAL COUNSEL Earl B. Dickerson is one of the company's original founders, an able, eloquent lawyer. He is a former city alderman and a member of the original Fair Employment Practices Committee named by President Roosevelt.



MEDICAL DIRECTOR is Dr. Midian O. Bousfield, who commanded an Army station hospital as a full colonel at Fort Huachuca. He is a former Board of Education member.

SINCE its formation Supreme Liberty has been guided by a small group of highly-energetic, able officials who seem to have been spurred on by two chief incentives: to make money and to prove that Negroes can successfully build and run a business in a field demanding astuteness and high professional skill.

Supreme's high rating in the insurance industry and its annual financial reports prove that this program has been an unqualified success.

One secret of Supreme's expanding success is its policy of never gambling with policy holders' money by making risky investments. President Truman K. Gibson puts it this way: "We have always lived within our income and always laid aside adequate operating reserves."

In fashioning its no-gamble investment policy, the company has received no little guidance from the Illinois state insurance laws, admittedly among the most stringent in the U. S. Bulk of its assets are now invested in government bonds and gilt-edged mortgages on real estate property.

The late Harry H. Pace, who was the first president of the company, was both a businessman and a colorful adventurer whose career included entertainment ventures and

journalism. Walter White, NAACP's national secretary, once worked as his office boy. Paul Robeson sold records in his music shop while a law student at Columbia University. Pace claimed to have been the discoverer of Ethel Waters and Daniel Haynes. He also teamed with W. C. Handy, composer of the *St. Louis Blues*, in a music publishing business, which employed for the first time an unknown pianist named Fletcher Henderson.

Pace was president of the Northeastern Life of Newark, N. J., one of the three which combined to form Supreme Liberty. He remained the chief executive of Supreme until his death in 1943.

A longtime college friend of Pace's succeeded him. Truman K. Gibson was business manager of the Atlanta University newspaper when Pace was editor. Under Gibson the paper made money for the first time in its history and Pace never forgot his ability to make an enterprise a financial success. Many years later they rejoined to make Supreme Liberty go and it was logical that Gibson should succeed Pace to the helm of the firm after his death.

Gibson today is an astute, civic-minded family man who cooks dinners for "the wife and kids" on Sundays.



SECRETARY W. Ellis Stewart was an original founder of the Liberty Life Co. He studied insurance at the University of Illinois, took a law degree 20 years later.



AGENCY OFFICER Jefferson G. Ish is a veteran insurance man. He is a Yale graduate, served several years as president of Arkansas State College for Negroes.

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116
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124
**JOY! AT THE SAVOY
KEEP RIGHT ON DOIN'**
Tab Smith and Orchestra

125
**MORNING BLUES
JUMPIN' AT THE TRACK**
Tab Smith and Orchestra

121
**GONNA PITCH A
BOOGIE WOOGIE
BLUES MIXTURE**
Bob Camp and His Buddies

122
**JELLY SHAKIN' BLUES
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Allen Nurse's Band

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**WHISKEY HEAD WOMAN
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102
**SOMEBODY'S SOMEONE
I GUESS I'M NOT THE TYPE**
Viola Watkins and Her Honey Drips

103
**LOOKING FOR MY JESUS
I LOVE THE NAME JESUS**
The Shelly Quartette

104
**IF YOU DON'T
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Roy Milton's Sextet
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Arnett Cobb, saxophone, with the
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COMPANY'S FILES are voluminous, scientifically organized, include data on every person who has ever had a policy with the company. Office equipment in Supreme's national headquarters is finest obtainable, includes complex computing machines which rent for \$6,000 yearly.



OUTER OFFICE of Supreme's national headquarters is a bee-hive of activity. In left foreground James H. Jones, the firm's cashier-comptroller, is dictating to his secretary. He handles company's annual income which last year was \$2,769,000.



JUNIOR OFFICIALS meetings are regular events of company life, are attended by all department heads. Meetings take up secondary problems of company management and are held in the firm's book-lined conference room. Junior officers are encouraged to take over more and more responsibility. They are (left to right) Mamie C. Hickerson, Evarena Hayden, Helen Johns, Inez Canty, Edgar Hawley, Myrtle Brown, Edward Gillespie, Lloyd G. Wheeler, George L. Gaines.

SUPREME LIBERTY MAKES JOBS AND BIG PROFITS FOR HUNDREDS

NEGRO BUSINESS occupies a rather unflattering position in the white-dominated American economy. Nowhere, except in personal service fields such as funeral parlors, beauty and barber shops, does the Negro control the major portion of any business activity among his own people. In undertaking and insurance, Negro businessmen have made more progress than in other fields but for different reasons.

Negro insurance companies have capitalized on the familiarity of many Negroes with burial societies and older insurance enterprises, partly erasing the skepticism accorded most Negro businesses. In competing with white companies, Negro insurance institutions have made much of anti-Negro hiring policies and the practice of charging Negroes higher premiums on policies.

Supreme Liberty Life is a highly race-conscious organization, but it has prospered mainly because of a sound, conservative investment policy, shrewd management, and a stern emphasis on training and efficiency in the selection of personnel.

The present company is the result of a three-way merger that took place in 1929 between the Supreme Life and Casualty of Columbus, O., the Liberty Life of Chicago, and the Northeastern Life of Newark, N. J. The merger resulted in the pooling of gross combined assets amounting to \$1,800,000 and a joint business in force of \$27,000,000. It was probably the largest financial undertaking of its kind ever negotiated by all-Negro concerns.

Shortly after the merger, the company faced its first big test in the depression. When many Negro businesses were failing, Supreme Liberty was able to weather the big economic storm because of wise investments in stable government bonds. It was able to help many Negro property owners save their investments by making mortgage loans when white banks and realtors were turning down Negro applicants.

Despite lack of cash by Negro families, Supreme Liberty was able to make much headway in its policy sales by emphasizing that their dollars were doing double duty with the company: protection of the family and giving employment to Negroes. "Spend your money where you can work" was the constant theme of the company's agents.

When the war came, insurance boomed and the Supreme Liberty sold thousands of policies where hundreds were taken out before.

In its years of existence, Supreme Liberty Life Insurance Company has not only made handsome profits for its officials and stockholders but given employment and working experience to hundreds of Negroes.

It has justified the original faith in the potentialities of Negro insurance that led its present president to leave his native Georgia and come North to organize what is now the No. 1 Negro business enterprise above the Mason-Dixon Line.

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SCULPTURE AWARD went to Richmond Barthe for his "The Angry Christ." Admirers of head that got \$250 Edward B. Alford Prize are (left to right) Dr. Rufus Clement, Atlanta University president; Roland McKinney, Pepsi-Cola Art Competition director; and principal speaker at the exhibit; Ben Shute, Atlanta art teacher; and Hale Woodruff, noted Negro artist and Atlanta University teacher.

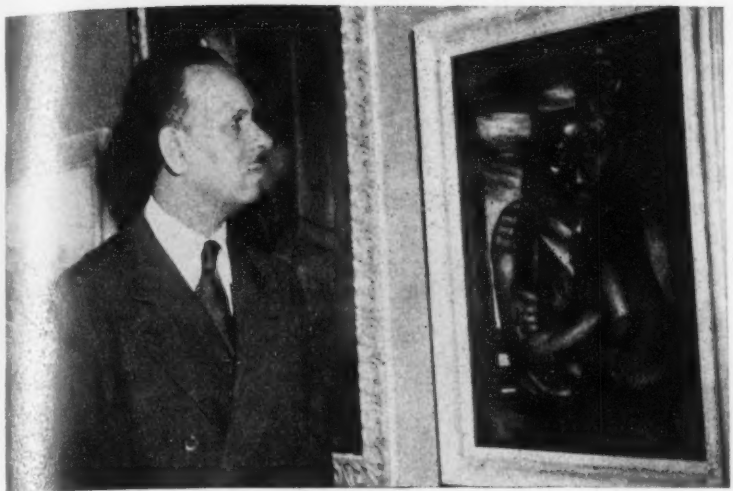
BIGGEST A

MOST IMPORTANT art collection by contemporary American Negro painters and sculptors is hung annually on the plumbing-cluttered walls of the small, staid library deep in Dixie at the all-Negro, coed Atlanta University.

The Atlanta Annual has become the biggest Negro art event of the year. On its fifth birthday this year, it again achieved both artistic and sociological success in presenting the best work of the best Negro artists in the land. It drew some of Atlanta's most prominent white citizens to see what "cullud folks" could do with paint and palette and chalked up record sales to both Negro and white patrons (though prices still are one-half to one-third below those for comparable works in New York galleries).

UNIVERSITY JANITOR MAC MCGEE JUDGED SHOW TOO, LIKED





ADMIRING TOP \$300 PRIZE WINNER for the best portrait or figure painting is Hale Woodruff, who fathered the famed Atlanta University annual competition. He is admiring technique used by New Yorker Charles White in his "Two Alone," a powerful, sombre work. As in past shows, sales were brisk at the exhibit with many white Southerners making purchases.

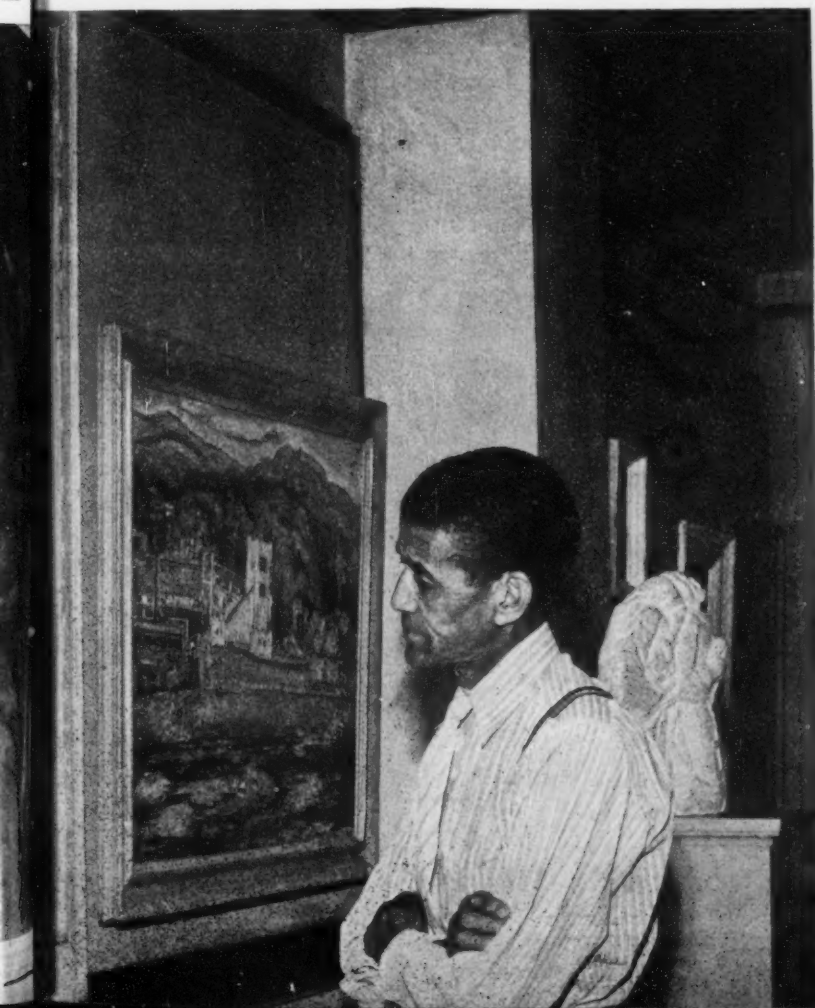
ART SHOW

With \$1,400 in prizes, the Annual topped all previous entries with 97 items by 64 artists. It turned down as many paintings as it exhibited and continued to maintain high standards which mark it as one of the top shows in the South.

Begun as a timid experiment in 1942 by 45-year-old Hale Woodruff, a painter of international fame and dean of Negro artists, the only U. S. art exhibition exclusively for Negroes has given away more than \$5,000 in prize money.

In fathering the Atlanta Annual in a Jim Crow atmosphere, Woodruff defied long-standing taboos and has attempted to prove, strangely enough, that there is no such thing as Negro art. He insists that colored artists are motivated and inspired by the very same forces that impel whites.

'NEGRO WORKER' BY DONALD REID OF BROOKLYN BEST.



ARE YOU JUST A

Plaything of Nature?



Nature may endow you with breathtaking beauty, a lovely curvaceous figure. She may bestow gifts on you that make you a brilliant actress, a leader in your class at college, sought after at dances, or a charming wife and loving mother.

Yes, Nature may do all this. But even so—you may find your face mockingly slapped if you suffer these distressing symptoms which so many unfortunate girls and women do.

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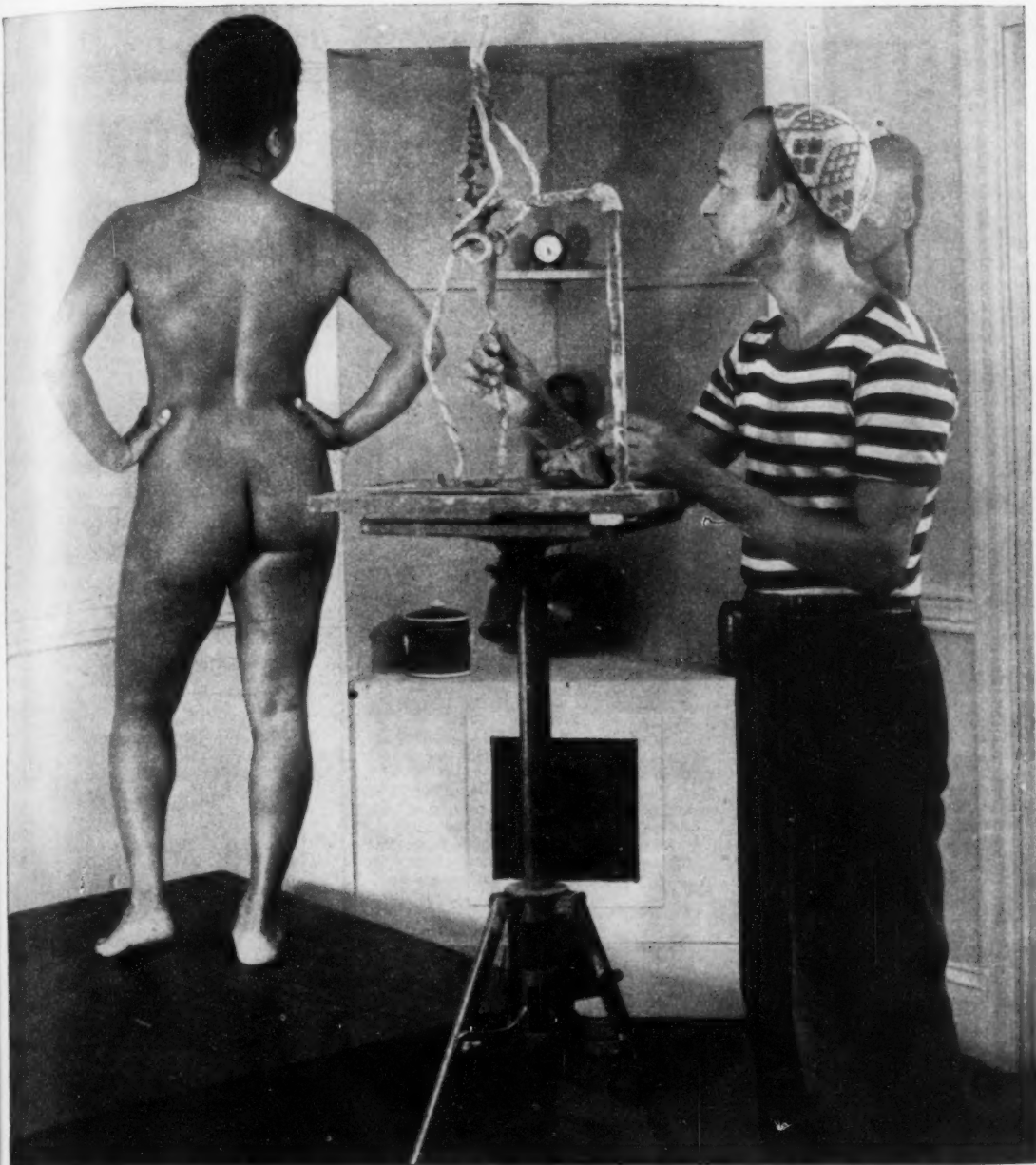
TIMELY STATUETTE, "Tan Yank," by Masood Ali Warren of Los Angeles gets approval of Lillian F. Stokes of Spokane, Wash., a student of Atlanta, and Sgt. George Mitchell of Philadelphia.



PRIZE WINNER was Franklin M. Shands of Oxford, Ohio, shown with his interesting oil painting "Hod Carrier." He took a \$75 second prize for his water color, "Back Way," and then copped the \$100 popular award for his oil painting, "Jo."



NATIVE ATLANTAN Jenelse Walden entered a delicate oil painting, "Bathers." She shows it to Robert Willis who had three entries.



MOST CONSISTENT PRIZE WINNER of any Negro artist has been Richmond Barthe, eminent sculptor, shown working on a nude statuette in a studio in New York's Greenwich Village. His most recent honors came when he was commissioned to do a bust of Booker T. Washington for the Hall of Fame.



'YOUNG GIRL', a terra cotta head by Elizabeth Catlett of New York won \$100 second prize for sculpture. Its sensitive quality drew praise from judge Julian Harris, who has been selected to complete famed Confederate Memorial on Atlanta's Stone Mountain.



STILL LIFE by John Howard of Pine Bluff, Ark., got an honorable mention in the oil painting competition. Howard's work was lauded by judge Robert Rogers, a member of the Atlanta High museum staff. It got many ballots cast by visitors for the favorite entry.

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LETTERS AND PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

WANTS BLACK BEAUTIES

How about the picture of a BLACK beauty on the cover of your EBONY? So many Negroes have inferiority complexes and frustrations because they cannot approach the accepted standard of beauty (white). It would be a noble service indeed if you took it upon yourself to give out with a bit of pro-black propaganda, for we have had so much anti-black propaganda that it's a great wonder that we all aren't mentally defeated! Pro-black propaganda is a monumental job, and I believe your magazines could "start the ball-a-rolling."

HOLMES MORGAN.

New York City.

'BLACK TRASH' REPLIES

I wish to express an opposing opinion to a letter written by Kathleen Daveson which appeared in May issue of EBONY under the topic Black Trash. Kathleen should realize people don't live in ghettos because they like it but because of overcrowded conditions and restrictive covenants.

In publishing pictures of poor housing conditions no one appealed to Kathleen Daveson for help. You simply showed the need for more and better housing. It is a safe bet that Kathleen made the wealth she crows about off this same Black Trash she now scorns. If Kathleen is such a genius and financial wizard, why did she have to take relief from the county in the first place. Someone helped her, but no one is asking her for help.

Kathleen Daveson is a case for a psychiatrist. Sane people don't crow about their wealth.

WILLARD HOWARD.

Chicago, Ill.

Kathleen Daveson has committed a great injustice to her race (or does she still own us) by publicly expressing her selfish thoughts. By publishing her letter you have brought to light a far greater menace to the race than the rat-infested kitchenette can offer. Why not send Kathleen's letter to "The Man" (Bilbo). He has found a true black companion.

JIMMY LITTLE.

Chicago, Ill.

Reader Daveson should know that in the sight of many people she may be worth \$20,000 and still be black trash.

I am a subscriber to EBONY and usually keep all of them as a collection, but I will certainly clip that letter out and destroy it.

HAROLD E. CHANDLER.

Los Angeles, California.

I am proud that I am a Negro and I like to see them get ahead, but if it swells their heads like that of Kathleen Daveson, I think they are better off poor.

MRS. ADELL BENSON.

Robbins, Illinois.

The itemized list of Kathleen Daveson's possessions were completely uncalled for in the letter. However, me thinks it added much to her stature amidst the local sewing circle.

JOHN S. JACKSON.

Fort Lewis, Washington.

I read in your May issue a letter by one Kathleen Daveson. Though she states she is worth \$20,000 in U. S. gold, just what is her value to her race? In my estimation not one fraction of a mill.

An ex-sailor who is unfortunate enough to be "Black Trash."

LAWRENCE BARCLAY.

Cleveland, Ohio.

PANAMA GOLD & SILVER

For the first time in the history of the Republic of Panama, on May Day a parade and demonstration, unequalled by anything of its kind in a past, and rivaled only by the Panama's National Fiesta "La Carnival," was held in the capital of this city.

Banners bearing the slogans: "Down With Gold and Silver Roll on the Canal Zone" were boldly display-



ed and carried in a procession from the De Leseps Park to the President's Palace.

This serves to show that Panama too, like all other countries, has awakened to join the rest of the world in the bitter struggle for equality, of which democracy speaks so much, but denies the working man.

VERNON C. BROOKS.

Panama Canal Zone.

Speaking of the silver and gold system of race discrimination in Panama explained in your May issue, here's an even better explanation by Sydney Roberts from the newspaper La Opinion:

"Silver" and "Gold" divide the human race.

Here where a fountain's polluted by a stare,

A "silver" man must keep his silver place;

He waits in silver lines, eats silver fare.

Each licks a postage stamp within the pale,

Each has his ghetto, according to his hue.

Only at midnight when all colours fail,

What law has done, Freud's children will undo.

And in "gold" churches what do preachers tell

Their congregation in the pews of gold;

Of gentler burnings in the golden hell?

Of dimmer heavens for the silver fold?

But heaven is here; gold homes, gold jobs, gold schools—

And in the heavens of gold latrines, gold stools.

LEA WALLACE.

New York.

LIKE EDITORIALS

EBONY gets better and better. I want especially to commend you for the editorial page in the April number. That is the sanest discussion on the health program I have read. You are certainly correct in saying Jim Crow must go.

JAMES M. YARD.

Director, National Conference of Christians and Jews, Inc.
Chicago, Illinois.

Let me thank you on behalf of our National Council for the excellent editorial analyzing the United Negro and Allied Veterans which appeared in EBONY.

Needless to say, this editorial, which we have reprinted and circulated among our membership, will account

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LETTERS (Continued)

in a small way for fostering the kind of good will which a national group such as ours needs while it is in its infancy.

The keen analysis which the editors of EBONY have shown in their estimate of the broad scope of problems facing Negro veterans allows me to say, on behalf of our National Council, that we are grateful and proud of your work.

GEORGE P. MURPHY,
National Adjutant
United Negro and Allied
Veterans of America,
Chicago, Illinois.

It is with pleasure that I voice my sentiments on the excellent editorial concerning The Negro and Labor appearing in the March issue of your magazine EBONY.

As a Negro, I am naturally conscious of methods used by various writers and publishers in bringing our group to the public. Your analysis of the labor movement was unique in the world of Negro journalism in that it embodied the true factors, namely that the problem of the Negro and of all other minorities can be and will be solved only through identification with the laboring masses. I hope to read more editorials by you along the same line of thought in the near future because the problem is not of race, but of economics.

JOSEPH B. WILLIAMS,
USO Director,
Marysville, California

THE ADS COUNT

Please accept my congratulations on the current issue of EBONY, and all it means to Negro journalism. The layman may rejoice over the splendid color layout of Joe Louis, but in spite of the striking front page and the clear cut pictures inside, there is nothing more beautiful to the newspaper man than that full page Chesterfield ad.

May this issue of EBONY be but the first of a series of color triumphs on the back page, where it really counts.

ESSEX G. JENKINS,
Cleveland, Ohio.

NEGRO HOTELS

In regard to your article on the Theresa Hotel and its problem of becoming a first-class hotel, you have lightly passed over the real issues. They are, namely, a lack of trained personnel and the owner's ability to cater to a monied class of Negro patrons.

As regards Negro hotel managers they are usually bellhops from some third-rate hotel put in the front of office to give it a respectable Negro aura. Under no circumstances could they manage a first-class white hotel with their limited knowledge. The average manager starts as a yardbird and works up to front office.

Secondly, the owner fails to make for the same price as downtown hotels equal accommodations (I use this term because generally we apply it only to 'ofay' monkey-shine business in segregation. He seems to feel that anything is good enough for Negroes and the manager, now Uncle Tom turned Simon Legree, pursues their dictates).

So he says what the hell—in a little while I'll make my pile out of the dump and move to Park Avenue or Lake Shore Drive, as the case may be.

There isn't at the present time in Negro America a hotel that will or can offer convention space, grand ballroom, complete room service or party rooms. It would take only a small sum of the owners' nest egg to bring the Theresa in New York City or the Pershing Hotel in Chicago to first-class hotel status with

all that first-class implies. They could do this by firing all of the personnel and replacing them with quiet, efficient, trained personnel drawn from hotels throughout the country.

I suppose that I, and hundreds of other competent hotel workers, wonder if it isn't all just a little futile learning the hotel business from the bottom up with no future in sight.

GEORGE WILLIAMS,
Banquet Steward
The Stevens Hotel,

Chicago, Illinois.

IN PRAISE OF EBONY

Without a doubt, EBONY is tops! I've been deeply inspired by its magic pages ever since exploring the first issue, and haven't missed a single issue since.

ELAINE HUBBARD,
Phoebus, Virginia.

A few southern Negroes (please include me) are using EBONY, as it were, for a textbook from which to compile unfamiliar positive data relating to the Negro race. EBONY is truly a great magazine.

MRS. CLAYTONIA CLAY,
Selma, Alabama.

Your magazine was enjoyed by all who've seen it. It was really fought over by the fellows in the barracks. Really, they are just that hard to get around here.

ARTHUR E. WILLIAMSON,
Army Air Corps,
Richmond, Virginia.

EBONY is in my mind the best Negro magazine published anywhere in America.

As a student in high school I have recommended EBONY to all my friends, both white and colored as I feel this will help black out racial intolerance.

Through this outstanding magazine, the Negro can see and read the progress that his race is obtaining.

GENEVIEVE JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

NEWS TO WHITES

Compliments to EBONY in general, and to your January issue in particular.

In this issue I have been able to read facts about brown Americans that we white Americans seldom get to know. Articles like those on the men at Wright Field, and the work of Dr. Drew, for instance. I showed these to a friend, and her jaw dropped in amazement.

Don't censure her for racial prejudice—she is only the victim of "white" news censorship—as are most of us.

I hope EBONY can be made available to news stand purchase, particularly in train and bus depots, and in department stores.

MRS. HOWARD MAYLOR,
Oak Harbor, Washington.

A copy of EBONY was delivered to our advertising agency, and, although I am white, I read your very splendid publication with great interest.

I could attribute that interest to the fact that I am a native Chicagoan, and, therefore, enjoyed the many articles devoted to that locale, but what really held my interest was the fine editorial and human-interest content of EBONY plus your successful combination of the picture magazine with the standard readers' type, thus, offering a plenitude of visual material and uncondensed, 'meaty' articles.

I would like to wish you continued success with your fine magazine and to let you know that one white person appreciates what you are doing.

MARY L. FORD,
Dallas, Texas.

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